

"THE JETSONS"

WORK DRAFT

January 19, 1987

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**Written By**  
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**FADE IN:**

**EXT. GALAXY CITY - MORNING**

We see the city in all its inexpensive Jetsonian glory. It is sunrise.

**ON A FENCE**

suspended in mid-air, a mechanical rooster crows. A square egg drops from it. (Okay, I know it's a rooster and they don't lay eggs, but this is the future and we've overcome that.) The square egg drops into a cylinder made of clear plastic and begins its descent into...

**INT. JETSON KITCHEN**

Many tubes lead octopus-like to a stove top in the kitchen. The egg, followed by another, plummet from the tube into a frying pan on the stove and begin to sizzle. The shells are plucked out by pinchers. There is a loud "SPLOOT" noise and pancake batter splurts from another tube onto a pan. Smoke starts to rise from the cooking food. We see on the wall there is a human face. The eyes open. The eyes look right and left. Suddenly, the nose of the face detaches from the rest of it. The disembodied nose starts roaming all over the frying food, connected only by a hose to the rest of the face it seeks out the odors of the sizzling meal. The nose settles over the smoking pancakes and dramatically inhales.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JETSON BEDROOM**

There are two lumps under a bunch of covers. A surgical mask comes out from the wall and begins to seek out its resting place in the bedroom. Since there is no one above the covers it burrows itself underneath the blankets and we HEAR George's snoring, interrupted by the smothering of the odor carrying mask.

**GEORGE**

(gibberish)

What is flamen klamen ishkabibble.  
This is gershabeebee... pancakes!!

**(CONTINUED)**

CONTINUED:

Without seeing George we see, from the waist down, his feet get out of the bed. They hit the ground and it's moving. As a matter of fact, it's moving too fast for a slow rising dude like George. As he hits the moving walkway it whiskers his feet out from under him and we hear a distinct THUD, as he topples over, and we see the rest of his body (without revealing his face) slide by on the moving walkway completely prone. He is whisked into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Now we can see how the bathroom would really work perfectly had George been on his feet, but unfortunately he is on his back at the moment and the auto-grooming facilities are not quite equipped to handle the change. George's feet are in the air, and unfortunately that is the first thing that is grabbed. They are lathered and shaved automatically. We hear him laugh as the shaving brush slaps across his feet, tickling him. We watch as his feet are shaved. He rises, but is still not facing front. (So we still don't reveal his face.) The auto toothbrush cleans the back of his head.

GEORGE

(continuing)

No, that's not quite it. If you'd just wait a second...

A hairbrush comes out and brushes what should be the back of his head, but unfortunately because of the way he's standing, is his face. The strokes are hard and swift.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Ow, ow, ow, boy, you know -- that is really incredibly painful.

You know, I'd really appreciate it if you didn't use that...

It sprays hair spray directly in his face.

GEORGE

(continuing)

... hair spray... Very nice, that's right up my nose. My nostrils are completely fused together now and... yow!!!

The walkway whiskers him off. He enters a closet, still pointed backwards.

CUT TO:

## EXT. CLOSET

He exits the closet wearing a suit of clothes that have been put on him... Unfortunately, true to form, backwards.

GEORGE

Boy, I gotta tell you, a backwards shoe is a painful thing... and this fly is no picnic either...

George moves inexorably along the walkway, through the down-stairs rec room, into one of the vacuum elevator tubes.

GEORGE  
(continuing)

Up.

He enters the tube and is completely sucked up, disappearing up the chute.

CUT TO:

## INT. JETSON LIVING ROOM

We see George ascend the tube and we PUSH IN to:

## EXTREME CLOSE-UP - GEORGE'S FACE

And for the first time, rising up in the tube we see: GEORGE JETSON, in all his glory. His suit is on backwards, and his hair is sticking straight up from the suction in the tube. As the suction dies down, his hair settles down on his face. We see him step out of the tube into the living room.

GEORGE

What a perfect morning. Today is the first day of the rest of... this week. So... let's take charge.

He takes one step forward and immediately trips over ASTRO, a large great dane.

GEORGE  
(continuing; from  
the floor)

Morning, Astro.

George leaps up, unfazed, and moves away. But the CAMERA STAYS with Astro. The dog turns TO CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASTRO  
(to camera)  
Reet Reorge Retson.

There is a very short MUSIC STING of one bar of the Jetson theme. And we:

CUT TO:

INT. ELROY'S ROOM

ELROY is in the top bunk of a bunk bed. He sits up and presses a button. The top bunk lowers itself down to the lower bunk and he jumps off and is swept away by the walkway. He enters a closet in his P.J.s and exits in his school clothes. He moves about ten feet and then...

ELROY  
Nope... hate it. Back.

He moves backwards into the closet and emerges again in baseball uniform. He moves about ten feet...

ELROY  
(continuing)  
Nope... not till after school.  
Morning, Astro.

Astro lopes past him and gets a pet.

ASTRO  
(to camera)  
His roy Relroy.

There is another snippet of Jetson's MUSIC, small, but just enough to indicate that we are in the midst of an homage to the main title of the animated show.

ELROY  
Closet, take me back and put me in something really cool.

He again moves backwards into the closet. He emerges again in very trendy girls clothing. Dress, etc. --

ELROY  
(continuing)  
This is not funny.  
(yells o.s.)  
I want you to know, I'm sick and tired of sharing a closet with you.

CUT TO:

## INT. JUDY'S ROOM

Many posters of Jet Screamer adorn the room. JUDY is in bed.

JUDY

(to Elroy)

Well, I'm not exactly happy about it myself, you little shrimp. Yesterday it dressed me in your shorts. I looked just like Webster. Imagine him, being 200 years old and still only three-foot-six. Oh, well...

N

Judy rises from her bed, kisses two of her fingers and then touches them to a JET SCREAMER POSTER.

JUDY

(continuing)

Good morning, Jet. I love you.

She types some words into a keyboard and then looks expectantly at the poster... nothing happens. She types again looks at the poster again... still nothing. She bangs the keyboard with her fist. The poster speaks.

JET

(the poster)

Morning, Judy. I love you, too.

JUDY

I never had any doubt... Morning,  
Astro.

Astro has padded into her doorway.

ASTRO

(to camera)

Raughter Rudy.

Another brief MUSIC STING.

CUT TO:

## INT. JETSON BEDROOM

We see the back of a bedraggled woman's head. She sits in front of a make-up table. She presses a button and a large cone settles over her head. She presses a button and we HEAR god-awful mechanical whines, clunks, creaks, and general heavy machinery noise. Her body is being buffeted about violently. Every so often we hear her grunt or yelp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We HEAR the machinery loudly grind to a halt. Everything is suddenly still. The cone rises and the woman turns, it is a beautifully coiffed and made up JANE JETSON. She is a bright redhead.

JANE

Oh, Mr. Enrique 1200.

MACHINE

(Mr. Enrique)

Yes, Jane.

JANE

I'm a blonde.

MR. ENRIQUE

(bitchy)

Oh, I see. Because you have blood and flesh and things, then I guess you think you know better.

JANE

No, it's just that I've been a blonde for twelve years.

MR. ENRIQUE

Oh, and I'm just some kind of cheeseball machine, is that it? Perhaps you'd be happier with a newer model... like that bitch

Mr. Raul 7000.

JANE

I didn't say that. It's just that I like being a blonde. My family is used to it. Please, Mr. Enrique.

MR. ENRIQUE

Okay, fine, Miss Bourgeois,.I'm tremendously depressed now, so I hope you're happy. Okay, forget it, just poke your head in the hole and we'll do the little housewife do.

The cone lowers over her head again. There are more violent machine NOISES again. Astro walks in.

MR. ENRIQUE

(continuing)

Oh, Mary, look. It's that horrible animal thing again. Oooh, it just makes me shudder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cone rises and we see the Jane Jetson we all know.

JANE  
Good morning, Astro.

ASTRO  
(to camera)  
Rane, his rife.

We HEAR a brief bit of the chopsticks part of the Jetson theme and we:

CUT TO:

INT. JETSON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The Jetsons all sit at the table. A happy family all awaiting breakfast as ROSIE, the Robot maid, comes from the stove with a tray carrying the breakfast plates. George is leaning back with his mouth open, fast asleep.

ROSIE  
Morning, Jetson family. Who's ready for breakf...

And she rolls right into Astro who is lying on the floor. She goes straight over, dropping the tray onto the moving walkway. The tray travels down the walkway into the elevator tube and is sucked straight up. All the NOISE startles George awake. He leaps up and looks at his WATCH.

GEORGE  
Ahhhh. Why didn't someone tell me what time it was?

HIS WATCH  
(deeply neurotic)  
I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. Gee, I don't know... where does the time go? Well, that's a stupid question for me to ask. I'm a failure as a watch, aren't I? Do me a favor, just don't tell my union. I'll get demoted and wind up as an egg timer. Ah, you don't care about my problems...

GEORGE  
(to watch)  
Shut up. Let's go, we're late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATCH  
Don't you think I know that?

GEORGE  
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,  
good-bye.

He kisses everyone good-bye, grabs his briefcase and runs to the elevator tube and gets in.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Down!!!

He doesn't move a bit. What does come down, however, is the entire breakfast that moments ago went up. It crashes over him. He is covered in muck.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Maybe I'd better get a change  
of... Ahhhh.

And he is sucked down the tube, as we:

SMASH TO:

#### THE ANIMATED JETSON'S TITLES:

Full tilt boogie on the MUSIC and take it away Joe Barbera and Friends.

#### INT. JETSON BUILDING, GARAGE - SHORT TIME LATER

We see George appear at the bottom of the tube. He steps out onto another moving walkway, brushing all the breakfast off of him. The walkway moves toward one direction as other building tubes are depositing OTHER MEN in modern suits, carrying briefcases. They head to a center platform that rotates. The effect being similar to the spokes of a wagon wheel moving toward a center hub. When they get to the hub, they gently spin until they get to the spoke that is going their way and then get off and head in that direction. As they circle on the hub and pass each other, they exchange greetings.

GEORGE  
Morning, Novanavitch.

NOVANAVITCH  
Morning, Jetson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Morning, Starsky.

STARSKY  
Morning, Jetson.

GEORGE  
Morning, Mooney.

MOONEY  
Morning, Jetson. You gonna eat  
that doughnut?

GEORGE  
Help yourself Mooney.

Mooney plucks a doughnut off of George's collar as he goes by on his walkway.

MOONEY  
Jetson, how about a nice danish  
tomorrow?

GEORGE  
I'll see what I can do, Mooney.

And George is slid away, right to his CAR. It is the familiar bubble job. Someone has written "Wash Me" in the dust and dirt on it. He gets in, and about ten seatbelts immediately swarm around him, pinning him to the seat.

GEORGE  
(strangled)  
Too tight.

CAR  
Maybe we're just putting on a  
little weight.

GEORGE  
Please, I'm not in the mood. I  
happen to be very late.

WATCH  
Sure, and it's my fault, right?  
That's what you're saying,  
isn't it. That I'm worthless.  
Well, you're right. God, I have  
a pitiful self image.

CAR  
George, the watch is sick, I mean  
it. It needs professional help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Do you know someone wrote "Wash  
me" on your fender?

CAR

I know. It was me. I could use  
a lube, too.

WATCH

If I could just talk to someone...  
older, wiser, like a grandfather  
clock. I feel so inadequate.

CAR

You are, you're a loser.

WATCH

That's it, I don't have to take  
this kind of abuse. I'm leaving.

And the watch, still attached to George's hand, flings itself out of the car. George's own arm is pulling him out.

GEORGE

Alright, car. Car, please.  
Apologize to the watch.

CAR

I'll do no such thing.

GEORGE

It's cutting off my circulation.

WATCH

I hate him, George.

GEORGE

(to watch)  
Please, let go.

CAR

Let's go. Well, why don't you  
say so.

Lights and BEEPS go off as the car gets itself started. George is still hanging out the car struggling with the watch.

GEORGE

No, not yet... Ahhhhhh!!!!

And the bottom of the floor opens up and the car disappears from sight. As the screams of George Jetson fade in the distance:

CUT TO:

## EXT. JETSON BUILDING

From far off, we see hundreds of cars dropping from the building and Jetting off to work.

CUT TO:

## EXT. SPACELY SPROCKETS - SHORT WHILE LATER

We see the Jetcars landing.

## INT. SPACELY GARAGE

George's car rises into his spot. The canopy is still open and his arm sticking straight up. He gets out and we see his hair is blown straight back.

GEORGE

Thank you very much.

CAR

Anytime. Better hurry, you're late.

WATCH

Another crack?

And, as he reaches into the car to get his coat, the watch pulls away, banging his head into the roof, and pulling him out of frame, and we:

CUT TO:

## INT. HALLWAY, SPACELY SPROCKETS

George goes running down the hall past his secretary, MISS JUPITER.

MISS JUPITER

Morning, Mr. Jetson.

GEORGE

Morning, Miss Jupiter.

MISS JUPITER

You're late again.

GEORGE/WATCH

We know.

(CONTINUED)

*George should  
be a  
dude cat  
company  
now*

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I want you to hold all calls,  
hold all paperwork. Hold  
everything you can hold, because  
I have a tremendously important  
project I have to get to right  
away.

He enters his office, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE

He goes to his desk. He sits in thin air and, as he descends,  
the CHAIR rises to meet him. He plops into it.

CHAIR

Putting on a little weight,  
aren't we?

WATCH

We've all been telling him. It's  
really not healthy for him and...  
aaakkkkk...

George tears off the watch and throws it in a drawer and locks  
the drawer. He puts his feet up on the desk, leans back in  
the chair and immediately nods off for his nap.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSON HOUSE

Jane is getting the kids off to school. Elroy is tinkering at  
the table.

JANE

What are you making, Elroy?

ELROY

It's an antigravitational-  
transkinetic-hypermolecular-  
transponder.

JANE

Ooh, and isn't it a cute one.

ELROY

It moves stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And, as Astro tries to eat from his bowl, Elroy hits his little machine and the bowl moves away.

ASTRO

Oh, rerry rerry runny. You're rearry a raugh riot.

ELROY

Hey, Mom. You know Butch Spacely is going to Spaceball camp this summer.

JANE

Well, I know that there's nothing more your father wants to do than send you to Spaceball camp, but...

ELROY

But we can't afford it.

JANE

You know how those little emergencies crop up and just seem to eat money. You remember when the atomic toothbrush went on the fritz and blew most of your father's teeth out... Rosie's been in the shop three times... Judy ate that bad swordfish and we had to buy her a new liver... not to mention all that speech therapy for Astro.

No

ASTRO

I row, I row. But I rink I'm raking real rogress.

JANE

Oh, course you are, sweetie. So, Elroy, maybe next year.

ELROY

It's okay, Mom, I understand.

ROSIE

It's my fault. I'm an old piece of junk. Next time I break down you should just throw me out like an old piece of automatic dental floss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Rosie, don't be ridiculous.  
You're one of the family. If it's  
anybody's fault, it's mine. I  
should get a job and bring some  
money in.

Judy enters.

JUDY

Uh-uh. It's my fault. It's that  
darn liver you had to buy me. A  
brand new one, too, not a retread.

JANE

That's cause we love you, dear.

She's a little theatrical, our Judy. She tears at her stomach.

JUDY

I want to give it back. I don't  
want it. Have them tear it out  
so we can put food on the table.  
As a matter of fact, we can use  
it as food.

ELROY

Boy, what a load. Drama alert,  
drama alert.

JANE

Hey, people, dogs, robots, we're  
really okay here. Your father  
makes a fine living, he loves us  
and we have a good life. Things  
are just a tiny bit tight right  
now. Now, come on. You'll be  
late for school. Rosie, lunches.

Rosie's chest opens up and she removes a brown bag and a lunch  
box and hands them to the kids.

ELROY/JUDY

Bye, Mom.

They kiss her and go to the tube.

ELROY

Me first.

JUDY

Uh-uh. I don't want you lookin'  
up my dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Judy jumps in the tube and disappears.

ELROY

Geez, I'm nine, for cryin' out  
loud.

He hocks his throat and leans over the tube.

JANE

If you spit down the tube on your  
sister, you've had it.

ELROY

Yes, Mom.

He enters the tube and is gone. Rosie presses a button and a small slot in the wall opens. She takes out a tiny cartridge.

ROSIE

Morning paper is here, Mrs. J.

JANE

Thank you, Rosie.

She takes the cartridge and plugs it into a monitor. The screen lights up and there is a GUY in shirtsleeves, a loosened tie and a fedora with a card stuck in it that reads: "PRESS." He makes the little noises teletypes make.

REPORTER

Doo doo doo doo doo doot.  
Dateline Spacington, D.C.  
President Warpspeed today  
continued to deny that he had  
any knowledge of the selling of  
arms to Alpha Centauri, or that  
the profits of that sale being  
delivered to Martian freedom  
fighters. The president  
conferred briefly at the White  
~~Satellite with the still~~  
surprisingly alert and dark  
haired ex-president Reagan. In  
other news...

JANE

Excuse me, excuse me. Could I  
see...

(thinks, then shrugs)  
The help wanted section please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER

Yeah, sure, another intellectual I see. Probably watches her news on TV.

The picture flutters and we see a WOMAN appear.

WOMAN

Wanted: Experienced trainer for two-headed Venusian slime beasts. Applicants should attempt to smell nothing at all like meat.

And, as she goes on, we:

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - LATER

George is still blissfully asleep in his chair when we see a hand ENTER FRAME and push a button on his desk. The chair disappears from view, landing George on the floor.

GEORGE

I'll have those disks in a moment, Chief...

MACGRAVITY

Sleeping on the job again, eh, Jetson.

GEORGE

Oh, MacGravity, it's you. That's very funny the thing with the chair. I guess that's management trainee humor.

MACGRAVITY

Jetson, you're a space schmuck. You're just jealous cause you're bogged down in a nowhere job and you have to watch me rocket to the top while you linger at the bottom.

GEORGE

Actually, what I'd like to watch is a rocket linger up your bottom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACGRAVITY

Ohh, I smell envy, Jetson, and it's an ug-a-ly, ug-a-ly thing. You just don't have what it takes to succeed.

GEORGE

I have a lovely family that I manage to support without any help from anybody. That's success enough for me, thank you.

MACGRAVITY

Oh, spare me the sentimental claptrap. Where do you get that cornball stuff, Speeders Digest?

GEORGE

You know, MacGravity, I think you and I may have gotten off on the wrong foot. I wanna do something to make it up to you.

(reaches into drawer)

How would you like a watch?

WATCH

God, this is humiliating.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORBIT HIGH - DAY

Judy is sitting and gabbing with some friends.

JUDY

So then, of all people, Sheldon Spacesludge tries to kiss me. I mean, uggghh. Gag me with the moon.

GIRL

I think Plutonians are cute. He's got the prettiest blue eyes.

JUDY

But, Twinkle, they're on his feet. I mean, get real.

GIRL

Hey, who wants to hear my new Jet Screamer disk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All the GIRLS register hearty affirmation. The girl takes a tiny little amp, and two tiny speakers the size of Chicklets out of her purse and plugs in a minuscule disk. From the tiny speakers blasts some earthshattering MUSIC. The girls all begin to dance. A little MATRON maid approaches. A steel cupped hand bursts from her chest and covers the tiny stereo, cutting off the sound.

MATRON

Judy Jetson.

JUDY

What, I didn't do it, what, what?

MATRON

You are wanted in the Vice Principal's office.

JUDY

Miss Re-entry wants to see me?

MATRON

You will come now.

JUDY

(to girls)

If I never return, which I probably won't, will you tell Jet... I loved him in a pure and beautiful way.

KRISTI

I will, but more importantly, if you don't return... can I have your shiny pink culottes?

And we:

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE DIPPER SCHOOL, PLAYGROUND - DAY

Elroy and his best buddy, VLADIMIR BLASTOV, chase each other around the jungle-gym in a game of Anti-Gravity Tag.

VLADIMIR

(accented)

I catching you yet, Elroy Yetson.

Suddenly, two big paws REACH IN and grab both Elroy and Vladimir by the scruff of their necks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The ANGLE WIDENS and we see that they're being held by... ARTHUR "BUTCH" SPACELY. The biggest, meanest, ten-year-old in Little Dipper history.

BUTCH  
You twerps forget something this morning?

Elroy and VLADIMIR glance at each other... shrug innocently. Which only makes Butch madder.

BUTCH  
(continuing)  
Maybe this'll help you remember.

He crunches their heads together. Which does the trick. They reluctantly dig into their pockets. Hand over their change.

ELROY  
Okay, okay, Butch -- Enjoy our lunch.

BUTCH  
(dropping them)  
See you at gym class, Elroy.

He swaggers off.

ON VLADIMIR AND ELROY

... sharing a conspiratorial look...

ELROY  
Ready for Operation Butch?

VLADIMIR  
All set, Comrade Elroy.

Elroy pulls his Move-it gizmo out of his pocket. Aims it at Butch. Then flicks the switch. The Move-it starts to BEEP.

ANGLE ON BUTCH

as the coins gently float out of his pocket... and back toward the boys...

ON VLADIMIR AND ELROY

catching the money.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VLADIMIR  
Vow... cool... tanks, Elroy.

Elroy just grins proudly.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSON HOUSE - DAY

Jane is still sitting in front of the screen watching the want ads the woman is reeling off.

WOMAN  
Wanted: computer repair person...  
apply in person, Timewarp Antique  
Store.

JANE  
Is there anything that might be a  
little less mechanical?

WOMAN  
State your qualifications, please.

JANE  
Well. I'm a wife and a homemaker,  
reasonably attractive. I have  
sixteen years experience raising  
a family, and... and... and...

ASTRO  
Rand she never rinds when you chew  
the runiture a rittle rit.

JANE  
That's right, I don't.

ROSIE  
And she's very forgiving if she  
knows your reactor is a little  
old and it causes you to sometimes  
make scrambled eggs that have a  
halflife of seven hundred years.

JANE  
Yes, and I'm a good dancer.

WOMAN  
Never had a job in your life, huh?

JANE  
Not a real one, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Me either till I got this gig.  
Sounds like times are tough  
around your house, huh?

JANE

I don't know. My husband makes  
a good living, but it just seems  
that recently we've had these  
tiny incidents that positively  
eat up money.

~~At this instant, a GIRL in a pinafore dress and pigtails comes flying through the window, shattering the glass and violently tumbling across the floor. She comes to a halt in a heap. She is holding a small black terrier.~~

GIRL

~~I don't know who. But I don't think we're in Kansas anymore...~~

We ANGLE on Jane and the screen.

JANE

Honey, can I get back to you?

And, as Dorothy dusts herself off, we:

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKET LABS - DAY

There are THREE SCIENTISTS in lab wear, holding clipboards, on one side of the room. They are conferring with each other in hushed tones. One of them is MOONE. As we look further around the room we see a grand piano, some computers that are pumping out text from their printers, a couple of half to three-quarter finished paintings, each one a perfect reproduction of an old masterpiece. A blackboard with complicated equations hangs over a small lab area. From the PIANO comes a dramatic and beautiful Mozart composition.

SCIENTIST #1

It's incredible, so hauntingly beautiful. It moves me to tears, Moone. I swear it does. It's Mozart, isn't it?

MOONE

Almost. He's altered Mozart, made some subtle changes. He's, dare I say it... improved on Mozart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCIENTIST #2  
And the paintings, Moone. They're exquisite.

The unseen person is still playing the piano beautifully as he speaks.

VOICE  
Better than the originals, don't you find? I find that Rembrandt was so stuck in the browns. A little color, a little gaiety, and I create perfection.

SCIENTIST #2  
What are the texts coming from the computers?

VOICE  
Books, twelve hundred books I've written this week. The last one was an improvement on MacBeth. I put in some laughs, wrote some tunes. I think it's the feelgood show of the 22nd Century.

SCIENTIST #1  
Well, you've done it, Moone. The surgical implantation of the actualizer has created what may be one of the great geniuses of our time.

VOICE  
(a little miffed)  
One of the geniuses? Of our time?  
You simple minded toads. With the device in my brain tapping all the reserves of my mind, I have become the greatest genius of all time.

MOONE  
(nervous, concerned)  
Okay, okay, now calm down, HA 724.  
It is imperative that you do not excite yourself. You carry a very delicate instrument, HA 724.

The MUSIC STOPS and the voice just bangs the piano in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE  
(freaking out)

Don't call me HA 724. I hate being called HA 724. I am a god, I am not a number. I am powerful and brilliant. And I have a name, and it is not HA 724...

And, suddenly, it appears on the piano. The Voice!

VOICE  
My name is Puff!!!!

And it is, indeed, a fat rabbit. The rabbit continues to speak.

PUFF  
And I will breed, a lot.

We ANGLE on the horrified scientists.

PUFF  
(continuing)

In six months there will be hundreds of geniuses just like me. I need a woman, get me a woman. Ahhhhhhhhhhhh.

There is blood curdling scream and a crash. We ANGLE BACK on Puff and the piano is destroyed, splintered. Puff is running around like a maniac. He flies at the scientists, they duck, and he crashes through the window behind them and plummets.

MOONE  
As you can see, there's still a couple of bugs in it.

And, on the broken window, we:

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

~~George's secretary comes sliding in. George is manipulating a machine that is folding a paper airplane. He pushes a button and the elaborate plane is thrown by a mechanical arm at such a phenomenal speed that it crashes through the wall it is thrown at and into the next office.~~

CUT TO:

## INT. NEXT OFFICE

~~We see through the hole that the plane has left. There is another junior executive in the office. The other exec sits there with the paper plane imbedded in his neck. He grasps it and struggles for a moment trying to pull it away. He is unsuccessful, he is blacking out, but before he does he presses a red button on his desk and then passes out and falls to the floor unconscious.~~

CUT TO:

## INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE

GEORGE

Ah-ha. I got the last laugh this time, Twinkle. You'll think twice before you challenge George Jetson again... Aaaaaahhhhhh.

A laser burst from the button TWINKLE pressed slashes into the room, blowing more holes through the walls. George hits the floor as the blast passes through.

GEORGE

(continuing)

You're a nut, Twinkle. You're a dangerous nut and yet you have an uncanny grasp of the corporate world. Can I help you, Miss Jupiter?

MISS JUPITER

George.

GEORGE

That's Mr. Jetson, if you don't mind.

MISS JUPITER

Yeah, right. George, Mr. Spacely wants to see you right away.

GEORGE

(panicked)

What? Mr. Spacely? Me? He wants to see me. About what?

*Should be  
thrilled, not  
panicked*

All the FURNITURE and GADGETS in the room tilt forward toward Miss Jupiter, and ask:

GEORGE/ALL FURNITURE  
Are we in trouble????

And we:

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE VICE-PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Judy emerges rather forlornly from the office, as her best girlfriend, Kristi, comes up to her expectantly.

KRISTI

So? What happened?

JUDY

The absolute worst.

Kristi's mouth drops open... it's the end of the world.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE CAFETERIA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Judy and Kristi walk together, pondering the tragedy of life.

KRISTI

Oh, God. She's really making you chaperone an exchange student.

JUDY

She thinks it'll get me more involved in school.

KRISTI

Where's he from?

JUDY

Korrinian 3.

Kristi stops dead in her tracks.

KRISTI

Oh, God. I've heard they're so gross! What's his name?

JUDY

Altair. He's supposed to meet me outside the caf--

They both stop... gasp...

ANGLE ON ALTAIR

sitting by himself on a bench. Totally BLUE... and a DEAD RINGER for Jet Screamer.

ON JUDY AND KRISTI

JUDY

--eteria.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALTAIR comes up to them smiling.

ALTAIR  
Hi. I'm Altair.

Judy and Kristi trade speechless looks. This is too good to be true. She extends her hand and Altair grasps it.

JUDY  
Uh... hi... uh... I'm...

ALTAIR  
Judy Jetson, and you are Kristi Komet. You are best friends since the third grade. Judy, your favorite color is yellow, your favorite food is a Roger Rocket Pita Pocket, your pet peeves are people who snap their gum, and creatures from the planet Tarlak 4 who get out of going to gym class just because they have no visible feet.

JUDY  
Holy Martian Mackerel.

He lets go of her hand... she stares at him in awe.

ALTAIR  
It's all in the grip. It's no biggie on my planet. Maybe I could show you sometime.

JUDY  
I, I, I think that would be nice.

ALTAIR  
So what do ya say? Where does a big blue guy find a little fun around here?

KRISTI  
Well, I'd be happy to show you...

JUDY  
I think I got this one, Kristi.

She puts her arm through his and leads him off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

So tell me something, Altair.  
If you get a tan, do you turn  
maroon or what?

And, as they walk off, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, SPACELY SPROCKETS - DAY

George is nervously walking down the corridor, talking to himself.

GEORGE

What have I done? Nothing. I'm positive I haven't done a thing. Maybe that's it, maybe Spacely is steamed because I've done nothing. Doing nothing has got me to where I am today.

WATCH

Maybe it's a promotion.

GEORGE

Really, do you think so?

WATCH

No. I'm just trying to spread around the anxiety.

GEORGE

Look, there's MacGravity.

He points his watch toward him so his watch can see.

ANGLE ON MACGRAVITY

GEORGE

(continuing)

The weasel. He's had four promotions in the last six months.

WATCH

George, I've got problems of my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Look at him, all young and smug.  
Sure, it's easy to be a big  
success if you just concentrate  
on work. I'd like to see how  
he'd do if he had to take care  
of a wife, two kids, and a great  
dane with a speech impediment.  
I hate that son-of-a...

MacGravity is now next to him.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Bit of a hurry there, hey,  
MacGravity?

MACGRAVITY

Just on my way to see Spacely.

GEORGE

Oh, really? Me, too, me, too.  
Yup, I think he's got a big, big  
project he wants to kick around  
with me.

MACGRAVITY

Or maybe he just wants to kick  
you around, period.

GEORGE

Look, MacGravity, I think that  
maybe we got off on the wrong  
foot here somewhere. Why don't  
we just start over and try to  
be friends.

MACGRAVITY

I'd like to, Jetson, really I  
would.

GEORGE

Well, great.

MACGRAVITY

But I'm just afraid that if I'm  
seen hanging out with you it  
could damage my career. You  
understand, don't you, Jetson?

GEORGE

Oh yeah, sure...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACGRAVITY

Tell you what, though, Jetson.  
I've got a rocketball court  
booked at the executive gym this  
afternoon. I'll take you in and  
run you around a little bit.  
Okay?

GEORGE

Oh, whooptie-doodie. Geez,  
MacGravity, if you're sure it  
won't hurt your career?

MACGRAVITY

Oh, let's be serious, George.  
Nothing could hurt my career.  
See you on the rocketball court.

He trots ahead.

GEORGE

What a perfect Plutonian putz. I  
swear I'm gonna kick his asteroids  
off on that rocketball court.

WATCH

Yeah, sure. Why don't you just  
heap a little more humiliation  
on us, okay?

GEORGE

I'll show college boy. I was  
quite the athlete at old Orbit  
High. Yup, they used to call me  
the Microwave on the ol'  
football team. Cause I could  
zap 'em in a minute.

And, by way of example, George demonstrates a couple of his  
old football moves. He screams and runs at an elderly  
secretary robot.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Look out, ya puny hunk-a-junk.  
Here comes the Microwave.

The robot calmly swats George in the head and he goes down,  
out cold. The sidewalk carries him past the other offices.  
out on his back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATCH  
I'm a sick watch. Please, does anyone have a Valium?

And, as George slides by, we:

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OUTER OFFICE

George slides in, still on his back. The secretary, MISS GALAXY, approaches the prone figure of George.

MISS GALAXY  
Mr. Jetson.

GEORGE  
(still groggy)  
Flumm.

MISS GALAXY  
You're late. Mr. Spacely and the board of directors are waiting for you.

GEORGE  
The board of what?

And the door to the inner office slides open and George, sitting on the floor, slides in.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE

It is huge and imposing. SPACELY sits behind a giant desk. At a large conference table sit a dozen MEMBERS of the board of directors. At another small table, are MacGravity, Moone, and the two other scientists. George is awed as he slides in on his butt all the way cross the room toward Spacely's desk. He stops only when his head smashes into the edge of the desk. He lays half under the desk. He speaks to a pair of shoes.

GEORGE  
It's very nice to see you again, sir.

A chair pops up from underneath George and lifts him straight up. Unfortunately, since he is still half under the desk, it slams the top of his legs and lap up into the underside of Spacely's desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

(continuing)

Yow! Jumpin' jet jockeys, that'll make your eyes water.

SPACELY

Are you through foolin' around,  
Jetson?

GEORGE

Yes sir, I'm through, but if I could, Mr. Spacely, sir, just get my legs out from...

SPACELY

(ignores him)

Gentlemen, I've called this directors' meeting in order to dispel the vicious rumors, spread by Cogswell Cogs, that this corporation is in trouble.

A board member speaks.

LIFTOFF

Oh, come on, Spacely. We've all seen the books. You've got this company's entire assets tied up in some Quark and bull project, that we on the board have not even been told about.

SPACELY

That gentlemen, is precisely what I have called you here today to discuss.

GEORGE

(in great pain)

Mr. Spacely, sir. I'm not getting any blood in my legs and I think my hips are being crushed.

SPACELY

Jetson, did anyone here give you permission to speak.

GEORGE

No they didn't, sir.

SPACELY

Good, then just keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

I'm not sure if I can keep them open, sir, because I'm very close to blacking out, sir.

SPACELY

Jetson!!!

GEORGE

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

SPACELY

Now as I was saying...

GEORGE

Mr. Spacely, I'd like to request permission to whimper, sir?

And, as George begins to whimper, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Everyone is still there. George is no longer lodged between the desk and the chair, but is sitting comfortably, rubbing his sore thighs. Moone and his men have some big-screen video pictures of charts, graphs, and one shows a rabbit sitting and eating some lettuce. This is the one we FOCUS on.

MOONE

As you can see, it is normal in every way. For now.

And the picture changes to an operating theater. A nurse brings in the rabbit, and Moone, on the screen is showing the tiny electronic device. We watch the surgical process from a distance. Actually, it is hardly surgery as we know it. The rabbit is put on a table, and a helmet is placed on its head, then a surgeon robot with about thirty hands approaches it and begins the procedure.

MOONE

(continuing)

Now the actualizer is implanted into the brain of the rabbit. This, ladies and gentlemen, is the same rabbit -- two weeks later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the picture on the video screen shows the rabbit in a room with five Russian-looking guys, playing three dimensional chess. It hops from board to board.

MOONE

(continuing; on screen)

Rabbit beats Marskarov. Rabbit checkmates Starrskinovitch.  
Rabbit beats Galexky.

Rabbit jumps off the table onto one of the Russian's laps.

MOONE

(continuing; on screen)

Rabbit wets on Blastov.

Moone turns off the screens.

MOONE

(continuing)

He has an I.Q. of 260. He can also compose music, write, paint, and choreograph the sweetest little "Nutcracker" you've ever seen. And that, ladies and gentlemen, is essentially what we have been working on for the past two years.

The directors all put their heads together and all we hear is a low mumble. George is trying to hear it and take part but he has to fake it.

GEORGE

Uhh, mumble, mumble, something something, mumble, mumble.

SPACELY

Shut up, Jetson.

GEORGE

Yes, sir, without delay, beginning ... now.

LIFTOFF

Alright, Spacely, Dr. Moone. Are you saying that you have extended all of the assets of this multi-galactical corporation in order to create a Renaissance Bunny?!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY

Liftoff, you have the brains of a german shepherd and the imagination of a socket wrench. Do you think I've spent trillions of solar dollars, just to have a rabbit that can sing Rigoletto?!? Let me show you something. MacGravity, get up.

MacGravity casually and confidently rises.

MACGRAVITY

What can I do for you, chief?

SPACELY

This man holds eight degrees, he's a superb athlete, brilliant, ruthless, and is the best man that we've had at Spacely Sprockets in its history. I have never seen a finer specimen of human achievement.

MACGRAVITY

Thank you, chief.

SPACELY

And yet, this human being, exceptional as he is, uses only ten percent of his brain. Ten lousy percent. Can you imagine what this man could achieve if he was given access to the other ninety percent of his mind. Of course you can't imagine, cause you all have brains that fall somewhere between lungfish and fungus.

MACGRAVITY

Chief, I see what you're saying. That's what the actualizer does. Once implanted in the brain, it allows the recipient to use the enormous resources of the full, 100 percent of his mind. If it could make a rabbit a certified genius, it would make a man almost a, almost... a god.

MacGravity smiles at this. He sees an opportunity lurking around here. We ANGLE on Spacely; he smiles at MacGravity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We ANGLE on the board members and they smile slyly. We ANGLE on George and he is oblivious to the conversation, trying to get coffee from a tiny Mr. Coffee robot that keeps moving around, causing coffee to go everywhere but in George's cup, mostly in his lap.

GEORGE

Owww, yeeps, wow! It's a bad day in that area.

He takes a bunch of papers off the desk and dabs himself dry.

SPACELY

Now, gentle people, perhaps you see why I was willing to gamble this corporation's money to develop the actualizer, or should I say the human actualizer. Any questions so far?

GEORGE

Yes, sir. I have a question. Do you have any soothing ointment?

SPACELY

Which brings me to Jetson.

GEORGE

Oh, right. Yeah, boss, I had another question. My question is, what in the universe am I doing at this meeting?

SPACELY

Well, Jetson, in a way you are the reason for this entire project.

GEORGE

Really, sir? Well, thank you. I'm very proud, I'm very flattered, I'm very confused.

Spacely puts his arm around George.

SPACELY

My friends, meet George Jetson. He's been with the company... how long, Jetson?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Eighteen happy years, sir. Except for 2082 which wasn't that happy because most of the year I was laid up with a bad case of Corrillian Comet Crud, which as you know, made all my toes fall off, so I had to have them replaced. They did do a heck of a job, although, I think the little piggy that went to market was put on backwards. Take a look at this...

SPACELY

(steamed)

Jetson, nobody cares.

GEORGE

Well, if you had to buy shoes for these you'd...

SPACELY

Enough. Jetson, how many different jobs have you held in your eighteen years here.

GEORGE

Uhhh, one, sir.

SPACELY

How many promotions have you received?

GEORGE

Uhhh, none, sir.

SPACELY

But you continue to do the job you've always done, day in, day out, and still remain remarkably satisfied.

GEORGE

Well, I'm pretty content I guess. You know I do my work, I go home to the family. I guess I'm a, I'm a, I guess I'm just...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY

(saying it like it  
was a dirty word)

Average. You're average, George.  
We've run you through the  
computers and you are absolutely,  
perfectly average.

GEORGE

Well, I have good days and bad.

SPACELY

No, you don't. You're a straight  
line. You are the center. You're  
the middle dot in the formless  
void of the average. A wife, two  
kids, a dog and a dead end job.  
George Jetson is not only average,  
he is the most average of the  
average.

(holds his hand over  
George's head)

Average.

(holds his hand over  
MacGravity's head)

Exceptional.

(points at George)

Ladies and gentlemen, this is the  
enemy. This is what the human  
actualizer was made to end. It  
signals the death of mediocracy...

(now points at  
MacGravity)

And the birth of the truly  
exceptional. In six months we  
will install the human actualizer  
into the brain of a man.

MOONE

But, sir, we still have some...

SPACELY

Shut up. And, ladies and  
gentlemen, I can think of no  
better candidate for the  
procedure than Greg MacGravity.

*Two scenes  
completely  
logical  
See MacGravity  
is already a  
superior man  
making the average  
man better  
would be  
more logical.*

He hugs MacGravity. The board members cheer in support. They all gather around MacGravity and Spacely. George stands alone at the back of the room. His shoulders are slumped and he is hurting. He moushes the word "average." And he can no longer hear the voices behind him as he walks slowly from the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACEBALL FIELD - DAY

Elroy and his friends are playing spaceball on a high-tech laser-defined ballfield. Elroy's the pitcher and Vladimir's behind home plate.

ANGLE ON COACH ROCKET

behind home plate...

COACH ROCKETT  
C'mon, Jetson, let's see what you've got!

Butch saunters up to the plate... a mini-Babe Ruth. He wields his bat like a club as he sneers at Elroy.

BUTCH  
Yeah, Elroy, show me your best stuff.

ON ELROY

His eyes flashing with determination... as he winds up and throws.

ANGLE

The pitch shoots into Vladimir's mitt.

COACH ROCKETT  
Steeee--rike!

Butch blinks, sets himself.

BUTCH  
Is that the best you can do?

ELROY

catches Vladimir's toss and winds up again. Lets it fly. It rips right past Butch.

COACH ROCKETT  
Steeee--rike two!

Vladimir grins and throws it to Elroy.

VLADIMIR  
Vun more like dot, Elroy!

Butch frowns and lifts his bat again.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Elroy rubs the ball, then winds up and gives it everything he's got. WHACK! Butch nails it and the ball sails over the laser fence. He starts to circle the bases... laughing at Elroy all the way.

**ON ELROY**

The picture of youthful frustration, as we:

CUT TO:

**INT. ROCKETBALL COURT - DAY**

George is springing from foot to foot. The walls around him are black... except for the white serving line. MacGravity slaps him on the back.

**MACGRAVITY**

Quite an honor there for you today, Georgie. Imagine finding out you are the top, the acme, the pinnacle, the number one mediocre human being in the universe.

**GEORGE**

Let's just play, okay?

**MACGRAVITY**

You want to serve first?

**GEORGE**

Be my guest. It'll probably be the last chance you'll have.

MacGravity grins arrogantly, then steps up to the line and lifts up a bright ball of light.

George readies himself, lifting his racket.

MacGravity serves... and the ball crashes into George's head and explodes. George's head is now bathed in the light. He glows.

**GEORGE**

(continuing)

Wasn't ready. No problem. Just wasn't ready. New ball.

MacGravity shakes his head as he picks up a new ball and prepares to serve. George shields his face with the racket.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Okay... I'm ready.

MacGravity serves another hot one, right into George's groin.

GEORGE  
Something in my eye. No problem.  
I have to lay down for a minute.

**MONTAGE**

- a) George is being run all over the court, as ball after ball speeds by him.
- b) He dives... and misses the ball.
- c) Leaps... and misses the ball.
- d) Crashes into walls... and misses the ball.
- e) The racket flies out of his hand as he swings in vain.

**FINALLY:**

George is a veritable physical wreck. Sweating bullets and propped against the wall by the door. MacGravity saunters over to him, barely winded.

MACGRAVITY  
That's three games to zero. Want to play one more?

GEORGE  
(wheezing)  
I don't think you could take it.

MACGRAVITY  
Right. Thanks, Georgie.

He smacks George in the stomach with his racket and strides out. George slowly slips to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. GALACTIC CONVENIENCE STORE, THE 7-SQUARED 11-CUBED - DAY

It looks not dissimilar to the 7-11s we are familiar with. Jane's little space car settles into the parking lot. There are a bunch of kids, as always, hanging around, trying to look cool, smoking, using the payphone. There is a sign that reads "Help Wanted." Jane enters.

CUT TO:

INT. STORE

It looks like it always does. There are a couple of customers inside, but no clerk immediately visible.

JANE

Excuse me, hello. Anybody here?

And up from behind the counter pops a really weird alien creature in a red smock. He's purple, extremely hairy, and the hair is extremely greasy. He wears a tag that reads, "Hi, my name is ZAXXOR."

ZAXXOR

(heavily accented)

Slurpie? Very good.

JANE

No, thank you. I'm just here to...

ZAXXOR

Genuine artificial simulated beef jerky? Very good.

JANE

Actually, I just wanted to inquire about the job, Mr. Zag. Uh, Zig, uh...

ZAXXOR

You cannot pronounce. Only creature from my planet can pronounce. I laugh at you, ha!

Some kids are pushing and shoving and laughing.

ZAXXOR

Hey, you kid things. Get out, get out, get out. And put back Mars Bars.

JANE

I just wanted...

ZAXXOR

Galactical Enquirer?

(reads headline)

"Why is Michael Jackson still unwed..." 'Just bad luck I guess. I still haven't found the right girl,' says 120-year-old bag of skin."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Look, whatever you are, I don't want to buy anything...

ZAXXOR

Ohh. Not buy... you want to give?

From behind the counter he brings up a lifesize cutout of Jerry Lewis, with kids, holding a coin can. It reads "Help My Kids."

ZAXXOR

(continuing)

You helping Jerry's Kids...

JANE

Maybe some other...

ZAXXOR

Okay, forget that, we got new one...

He brings up another poster, of just Jerry Lewis. He looks ancient. Poster reads, "Help Me."

ZAXXOR

(continuing)

Just help Jerry his self. He needs hair transplants and he is having bad prostate condition.

JANE

Would you knock it off there buddy? I just came to apply for the job.

ZAXXOR

Ohhh, why not say first. Earth people, holy gribblex. Here, fill out application and bring back.

JANE

Thank you, thank you very much. And I guess as long as I'm here I'll take a quart of milk.

ZAXXOR

Very good. It 700 dollar.

JANE

700 dollars? It's only 600 dollars at the Spaceway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAXXOR

So go the Spaceway, you silly earth person. Get out, get out, get out.

And, as he continues to ramble in an alien language, we:

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

He and Moone are in the midst of a discussion.

MOONE

Mr. Spacely, I can't honestly say that we'll be ready to implant the actualizer in a human in six months.

SPACELY

Oh, you can't actually say that? Well, can you actually say this? Can you say, "Hi, honey, I'm home, I'm fired, we're broke, and I'm walking funny because Mr. Spacely chewed off my butt!!! Can you say that, Moone?!?!?

MOONE

I'd prefer not to, sir, but you've read my reports. The actualizer still has very unpredictable side effects, sudden rages, bouts of melancholy, partial amnesia, an entire range of emotional quirks, megalomania, and it even possibly creates suicidal tendencies.

SPACELY

Oh, if you're gonna whine about every teeny-weeny problem...

Just then a 3-D screen lowers in front of him.

MISS GALAXY

Excuse me, Mr. Spacely.

SPACELY

I'm very busy, Miss Galaxy.

MISS GALAXY

But Mr. Cogswell is arriving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COGSWELL. The very mention of that name makes Spacely snap his cigar in half.

SPACELY  
Moone, take a hike.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACELY SPROCKETS AIR PAD - DAY

A black space limo lands on the air pad. The pilot comes around and opens the dome.

W.C. COGSWELL, the square-jawed, iron-fisted owner of Cogswell Cogs Incorporated steps out. Each breath he takes, each thought he thinks has but one purpose... money.

A cute little ROBOT rolls up to him. Almost seems to smile.

ROBOT  
(brightly)  
Hello and welcome to Spacely Space  
Sprockets!

CLOSE ON COGSWELL

Just that name alone is enough to make him see red. He steps forward -- crunching the little robot with his polished shoe.

ANGLE ON ROBOT

as Cogswell walks off. It's a smashed set of wires and metal.

ROBOT  
(continuing)  
... acely ockets raceky... errr...

A spring pops out.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

Spacely looks at himself in a mirror on his desk, then presses a button. The mirror glides down and he sits, putting his feet up like a man without a care in the world.

SPACELY  
Send him in, Miss Galaxy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door opens and Cogswell enters... all smiles.

COGSWELL

Hello, Cosmo, how's the family?

SPACELY

Just fine, W.C. And yours?

COGSWELL

Couldn't be better.

They shake hands... turning it into a squeezing match... until Spacely breaks free.

SPACELY

Sit down. Sit down.

Cogswell sits as Spacely pulls up a chair beside him. And we can't help but notice that Spacely notices how much shorter he is than Cogswell.

Spacely subtly presses a button on the arm of his chair. It levitates slightly. Making him taller than Cogswell.

SPACELY

(continuing)

So, W.C., what can I do for you?

Cogswell stands, so he is again taller than Spacely.

COGSWELL

Spacely, let's not beat around the berryllium. The Milkyway Journal reports you're way over extended. You've got a trillion dollar note at the bank that comes due in thirty days. Now I'm prepared to make you a very generous offer for your company.

ON SPACELY

making no bones about pressing his button...

SPACELY

I wouldn't sell Spacely Sprockets to you if you were the last man in the universe.

Cogswell stands on his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COGSWELL

You're still the same stubborn fool who wouldn't sell me his milk in kindergarten.

Spacely moves higher.

COGSWELL

(continuing)

The bank wants a tenant who pays.  
Recognize this?

(flashing a piece  
of paper)

It's your note. It's your note.  
I bought it from the bank. If  
you don't pay it off in thirty  
days, I'll take over.

(stands on Spacely's  
desk)

I've been toying with the idea  
of tearing this building down  
and building condos.

Spacely desperately stabs at the paper with his hand... losing  
his balance in the process.

ANGLE

He dangles from his chair.

SPACELY

You slobbering Zarkian Mudrat.  
You wouldn't dare!

COGSWELL

Wouldn't I? You ought to know by  
now that I'd do anything in my  
power to crush you.

SPACELY

(climbing back into  
his seat)

Listen, Fat Boy... I'm developing  
a product that'll knock you out  
of the solar system.

ON COGSWELL

... coolly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COGSWELL

If you're referring to your human  
actualizer... then all I can say  
is... you're a bigger jerk than I  
thought.

SPACELY

(stunned)

How do you know about that?

COGSWELL

What's more, I know it'll never  
work.

SPACELY

That's where you're wrong. It  
works perfectly.

COGSWELL

Oh, really? My boys scraped a  
flat rabbit off the sidewalk this  
morning that says it don't.

SPACELY

For your information, we're about  
to implant it in a human being.

A human? Even Spacely can't quite believe what he's just said.

COGSWELL

Martian Hogwash!!

But what's said is said for Spacely. There's no turning back.

SPACELY

In fact, I'm so sure of our  
success, that if a month passes  
and it does fail... not only  
will I sell you the company,  
I'll resign as president.

COGSWELL

(smiling)

That's a foregone conclusion.

SPACELY

Deal?

COGSWELL

(reaching to shake  
his hand)

Deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cogswell pulls back his hand and Spacely reaches too far out and falls from the chair and plummets to the floor.

COGSWELL

Get ready for a bigger fall,  
Spacely.

He laughs and exits. From behind the desk we see Spacely's hand, giving rude 21st century gestures to Cogswell's departing back.

SPACELY

Miss Galaxy?

The screen lowers.

MISS GALAXY

Yes, Mr. Spacely.

SPACELY

I want you to get on the Vid to Dr. Moone, and to Greg MacGravity. Tell them both to prepare for insertion of the actualizer at nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

MISS GALAXY

Oh, sir, do you really think you...

SPACELY

Shut up and do it, Tomorrow I create... a ged. Fire!!!

And from his desk a small stream of flame shoots up. He lights his cigar on it and smiles. And we:

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY - EVENING

We SWOOP ACROSS the sky-scape, to the Jetsons' building.

INT. JETSON HOME

The Jetsons are gathered for dinner. George is dressed casual, Judy as always, trendy, and Elroy in his baseball stuff. Jane looks sexily domestic and Rosie serves.

GEORGE

A job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

Well, I don't have it yet, but I thought maybe the extra income would come in sort of handy.

Judy and Elroy AD-LIB, "You bet it would, etc."

GEORGE

Well, gosh, Jane. I certainly don't want to get in the way of something you really want to do.

JANE

Well, it's not a big career thing, admittedly. I mean, how exciting can it be selling nachos to Martians, but don't you think we need, well...

GEORGE

(he's a proud man)  
What? What do we need?

JUDY/ELROY

(quite willing to  
tell him)

Well...

George glares.

JUDY/ELROY

(continuing)

... nothing.

GEORGE

Please, Jane, let's just hold off on the job. We've had some tough times before, and we always rode them out, and we'll do it again. Trust me. Please, sweetheart.

JANE

(actually pleased)

Alright, George, alright.

ROSIE

(to Judy)

You didn't eat. You know I slaved for seconds to make dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

I'm dieting. I weighed myself on  
the moon last weekend and I was  
up to twenty-one pounds.

GEORGE

Sounds to me like there's a boy  
in this picture.

He smiles at Jane.

JUDY

Eeeew, Dad. Come on, get off my  
space, okay.

JANE

Who is it, hon?

JUDY

Mom, I just met him, okay. I  
don't know if he even likes me.  
But let me tell you something.  
He's really... I don't know...  
different, unique, not like us  
at all.

GEORGE

Well, what do you mean there,  
Judy.

JUDY

Well, you know, we're so... so  
normal.

She picks up her plate and exits to kitchen. George is not pleased with the choice of words.

JUDY

(continuing)

How was school, Elroy.

ELROY

Same as always, nothing special.  
Same old thing, just another  
ordinary, typical average day.

He leaves.

JANE

That's nice, son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
(this is becoming  
a nightmare)

Why? Why is that nice? Just what  
is so damn nice about typical?

JANE  
(surprised at  
the outburst)

George? What's the matter? Did  
something unusual happen to you  
today?

GEORGE  
(even more steamed)  
No, of course nothing unusual  
happened to me today. It's  
statistically impossible that  
anything unusual would ever  
happen to me.

He gets up and stomps out of the room, leaving a bewildered  
Jane, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. JETSON HOME - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - MORNING

Everyone, except George, is gathered in the kitchen, starting  
another perfectly typical Jetson morning. They AD-LIB some  
breakfast chatter, when suddenly, sliding out of the bedroom,  
looking as good as he has ever looked, comes George. He seems  
to have new purpose. He looks confident. Astro comes  
trotting toward him.

ASTRO  
Rood rorning, Reorge...

George passes without acknowledging him.

JUDY  
Good morning, Da...

He breezes past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE  
Would you like some...

He pushes the tray away and continues.

ELROY  
Hi, Pop.

George continues by.

JANE  
Have a nice day, dear.

GEORGE  
No, I am not going to have a nice day. I'll just have a typical day. An ordinary day. An average day.

JANE  
You don't know that, George.  
Maybe today will be different.

And, just as these words come out of her mouth, George trips over the dog, and goes head first into the tube. He is briefly sucked up, hovering in sight, upside down.

GEORGE  
Jane... I tend to doubt it.

And he is sucked downward, his shoes, sucked off, linger in mid-air for a moment, and then fall, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY SPROCKET, GARAGE - MORNING

George pulls into his space. He is getting out of his car as MacGravity pulls in in his hot sports jet, coming inches from hitting Jetson and knocking him to the floor.

GEORGE  
Why don't you watch where you're going, MacGravity?

MACGRAVITY  
Oh, sorry, Jetson. I'm just in a big hurry. It happened. I got the call last night. It's me, Jetson. It's today. In one hour I go in and get the first human actualizer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Already? But I thought they had  
to wait, do more tests...

MACGRAVITY

Waiting? That's the coward's  
game, Jetson. Waiting is what  
you would do.

He is getting some stuff out of the trunk of his car.

MACGRAVITY

(continuing)

Decisions, Jetson. Action, risk  
taking, these are the qualities  
that make the superior man. And  
that's why they want me, and not  
you, Jetson. Today I will become  
the most advanced human being in  
history. The most exceptional  
man ever to live. And you know  
why, Jetson, you pathetic loser?  
Because I know when to stop  
sitting around on my butt, and  
act.

George thinks about this for a second. He looks at MacGravity whose head is in the trunk. We see George nod, agreeing with him. He steels himself and then, suddenly, slams the trunk down on MacGravity's head. He slumps into the trunk. George picks up his legs and stuffs the rest of him in. He closes the trunk.

GEORGE

Beware of the average man,  
MacGravity. Because he can only  
take the average amount of crap.

And he strides off, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Moone and the other scientists are preparing for the procedure. Spacely paces nervously.

CUT TO:

INT. READY ROOM OF LAB

George enters room. Two ASSISTANTS in lab coats are there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT  
You MacGravity?

GEORGE  
Yeah, that's me.

ASSISTANT  
Change into these.

He gives George a sterile suit. George begins to change.

ASSISTANT  
(continuing; sotto)  
Never make it out alive.

And we:

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - LATER

SPACELY  
We gonna get this show in the  
air or what?

The door to the ready room opens, and assistants enter leading George. He has a helmet on his head, like the rabbit did, so no one is aware that he is not MacGravity.

SPACELY  
(continuing)  
Well, MacGravity. This is a  
great day.

George nods.

SPACELY  
(continuing)  
You got some kind of guts,  
MacGravity.

George shrugs.

SPACELY  
(continuing)  
There's no one else in the world  
I'd want to see have this,  
MacGravity.

He is leading him to the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY

(continuing)

The exceptional man becomes the perfect man, eh, MacGravity. I want you to know that I love you. I do. I think of you as my only beloved son.

(stops at table,  
turns, walks away)

Okay, boys, let's open him up.

And George is eased onto the table. People start to bustle, machines begin to WHIR into motion. Robots whiz around, and things lower from the ceiling and begin to attach to George. And, as we hear a small animal whimper escape from the helmet, we:

CUT TO:

INT. JETSON HOUSE - DAY

Jane is talking with her friend, MARSHA.

JANE

He's so sweet. He just doesn't want me to have to work.

MARSHA

And you don't mind? I thought you wanted to work.

JANE

Oh, not really. I mean, I really like our life like it is. I mean, it's far from perfect, but I have never been unhappy in eighteen years with George. I love him, Marsha. Just the way he is.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

More frenzied work. Spooky weird stuff is happening to George.

CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHROOM - ELROY'S SCHOOL

Elroy and Vladimir are going through the cafeteria line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Robots in dirty aprons pile the same old school slop on their trays.

ELROY

Yeah, I'll have the psuedo-meat, uh, the semi-squash, the maybe-macaroni, and the kinda-corn... and jello.

VLADIMIR

So what about spaceball camp?

ELROY

Well, it doesn't look like it this year. My dad just can't afford it. You?

VLADIMIR

No way. Things are very tense around my house. My dad very depressed. Has much shame.

ELROY

How come?

VLADIMIR

I'm not sure of details, but has something to do with rabbit kicking his butt in chess.

ELROY

Well, I don't know. I'm sure I'll get to go next summer. My dad's pretty cool. He'll find some way for me to go.

And, as they get to the end of the line, there stands Butch. He smiles. He takes out a tiny laser switchblade and begins to clean his nails.

BUTCH

Mmmmm, mmmmm, am I ever starved.

And the two boys resignedly hand over their trays.

ELROY

I'm gonna tell my dad on you, Butch.

BUTCH

Your dad? Oooh, I'm shakin'. Your dad has got the brains of moon mud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elroy reaches back to slug him. Butch catches his hand and then decks Elroy.

BUTCH  
(continuing)  
Tell your dad about that.

And, as Elroy gets up, we:

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Things are really in progress.

MOONE  
Alright, let me have the  
actualizer.

An assistant comes over with it and stumbles a bit.

MOONE  
(continuing)  
Careful, careful. It's the only  
prototype we have.

And, as he begins to work, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. GALAXY HIGH - DAY

Judy is talking with Altair. Actually, she's kind of necking with Altair. As she kisses him, she also begins to turn blue. She is getting bluer and bluer as the kiss heats up. She finally pulls away. As she does the blue begins to fade from her. She is a little out of breath. We can assume that an Altairian kiss is a tad more powerful than the home grown variety.

JUDY  
Holy Haley's comet. What  
happened?

ALTAIR  
I was giving you my essence.

JUDY  
Really, well it's pretty weird.  
I don't know if I'm allowed to  
get essence yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALTAIR  
Doesn't it please you?

JUDY  
Yeah, it does. That's why I don't think I'm allowed to do it. I'm only sixteen!!

ALTAIR  
On my planet many sixteen year olds already have offspring.

JUDY  
What? Altair, I really think you are cool to like the maximum velocity. But I've only known you a couple of days. I don't know that I'm ready to settle down with you and start having, like little Smurfs.

ALTAIR  
Ah, yes, that pathetic earthling preoccupation with time. What is time to me, when I can touch your hand and know your innermost thoughts?

She snatches her hand away.

JUDY  
Hey, cut it out, okay? Maybe you can do that. You can know me in a New Mars second, but I can't. I need time, Altair. Besides, I haven't even talked to my parents about you yet.

ALTAIR  
I would like to meet them.

JUDY  
Well, you will. But you know, I should warn you, as far as his attitude toward me and boys, and stuff, my dad is very conservative.

And we:

CUT TO:

## INT. LABORATORY - DAY

They are wrapping up. All the technicians are backing off.  
The machines are pulling away.

MOONE

There, it's done.

SPACELY

And...

MOONE

Well, his vital signs are good.  
He seems to have made it through.

SPACELY

I want to talk to him.

And, suddenly, he bursts into the room. MacGravity, that is.

MACGRAVITY

Mr. Spacely...

SPACELY

Ah, MacGravity, just the man I  
wanted to see. So, how do you  
feel? I must say you look  
better than...

He looks at MacGravity and then looks at the table. He puts  
his head in his hands, and softly weeps.

MACGRAVITY

Mr. Spacely, I was spacejacked,  
that maniac...

SPACELY

Shut up.

And we see that the figure on the table slowly starts to rise.  
He swings his feet off the table. Still encased in the  
helmet, we see the head turn and take in the room. He stands.

SPACELY

Jumpin' Jupiter, what have we  
done? If this is you, just who  
in the universe is that...?

The figure takes one step forward, and trips on a robot, hits  
the floor and begins to glide out of the room knocking over  
equipment in his path.

SPACELY

Oh, steaming nuclear waste...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY/MAC/MOONE  
... Jetson!!!!

And, as we see George sucked down an elevator tube, head first, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE

Moone, Spacely, MacGravity and George are there. Moone is taking the helmet off George's head.

MACGRAVITY  
Me. Me me. It was supposed to be me. I would have been a superman. But no! Instead of a superman, you have this.

The helmet comes off and George, still dazed, mumbles:

GEORGE  
Blurbble greeble flax...

SPACELY  
What is it, Moone? Is he alright? Is he... for all intents and purposes... cheese?

MOONE  
I don't know! I'll have to run some tests. He might have suffered some...

George suddenly stands. He looks very aware; he looks around the room and suddenly breaks into a big smile.

SPACELY  
Jetson, Jetson, please talk to me.  
Are you all right?

George nods.

SPACELY  
(continuing)  
Good, because now I'm going to kill you... you lousy, idiotic...

He takes a step toward George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
(powerful)  
Shut up.

Spacely stops in his tracks.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
I want... I want... I want to play  
a little game of rocketball.

He turns on his heel and walks out of the room. They are stunned for a moment. And then they run out after him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCKETBALL COURT - DAY

The black walls surround George and MacGravity as they stand behind the white service line.

Above them, Moone and Spacely look down.

SPACELY  
Any time, gentlemen.

ANGLE

George confidently offers MacGravity a bright ball of light.

GEORGE  
Your serve, MacGravity.

MACGRAVITY  
(waving him off)  
You take it, George. It may be  
the last chance you get.

George smiles as he sets himself. He lifts up his racket and whomps the ball of light.

ANGLE

It flashes against the front wall -- zooms back --

ON MACGRAVITY

stunned as the light speeds past his head.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

as the ball of light ricochets around the court at unbelievably high speeds. MacGravity feebly attempts to hit it, but the light just streaks by him.

Up above, Spacely is deliriously happy.

SPACELY

Moone, look at me. I think I'm getting happy, Moone. Is this what happy looks like?

## ANGLE ON GEORGE

He is slamming the ball. MacGravity can't get to a one of them. George is essentially playing by himself. He is a blur around the court. He hits one so hard that the ball cracks the wall. It comes speeding back to him. He reaches his hand up and catches the ball of light, bare handed. He turns to Spacely, holding the ball of light. He squeezes it, and it explodes. Light shines from his hand like a torch. He smiles. Spacely kisses Moone. An exhausted MacGravity reaches out to shake George's hand, but he walks by, ignoring him.

CUT TO:

## INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE

George sits at Spacely's desk. Spacely is lighting him a cigar.

SPACELY

I'm very impressed, Jetson. Very impressed.

GEORGE

I'm not surprised. I'm just a little impressed with myself. I feel different, sir.

SPACELY

Call me Cosmo.

MOONE

Jetson, it's going to take some thirty days or so for the actualizer to advance you to one hundred percent brain potential.

GEORGE

You mean it gets better?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONE

Oh, yes. You've just started.  
Touch your left temple.

He does and a holographic chart appears before his eyes.  
There are many numbers, equations and charts in front of him.

MOONE

(continuing)

What does the blinking number say?

GEORGE

Twelve.

MOONE

You see. You are at only twelve percent of functional brain capacity. You have a long way to go, Jetson.

GEORGE

I want to thank you for this chance, guys. I'm finally going to be somebody special. I'm going to give my family everything they've ever wanted. You won't regret this, Cosmo. I promise. I know you didn't want to use me, but think about it. You wanted to end mediocrity. Well, what better way to demonstrate that, than to use a mediocre man. Cosmo, I'm gonna put on a show for the board of directors that will blow them from here to the Big Dipper, and then, when I'm ready, we're going to go grind Cogswell into teeny atomic particles, and scatter them across the galaxy.

SPACELY

Oh! Oh, I feel good! I feel very good!

GEORGE

(confident)

Well, I'm glad, Cosmo, cause right now I feel like doing some shopping for the family. So, I'd like to talk to you about a little extra money.

And, as he puts his arm around Spacely, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. GALAXERIA MALL - AFTERNOON

Big mall, space stuff. Okay, let's move on.

INT. MALL

Buncha kids, shoppers, etc. Elroy and Vladimir standing in front of corn dog stand.

VENDOR  
(robot in a paper  
hat)

Corn dog on a jet, git your corn  
dog on a jet, I got dogs on  
jets right here.

ELROY  
Two, please.

We see through the window, sixteen or so corn dogs with tiny jets around them floating and zipping around.

VENDOR  
1712 and 1713, you're cleared for  
consumption.

Two of the dogs jet out and hover in front of the boys.

ELROY  
Mustard, please.

The dogs zip back in. They plunge into a vat of mustard and come back.

ELROY  
(continuing)  
Thank you.

He pays and they walk off. The dogs keep pace with them, hovering in front of their mouths. They are each tucking napkins in their collars and are about to take a bite as they turn a corner, when the dogs are snatched from in front of them. It is, of course, Butch.

BUTCH  
You know what? Whenever I see you guys, I feel like having some lunch.

ELROY  
That's funny, cause whenever I see you I feel like losing some lunch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Butch is about to take a swing at Elroy, when he is suddenly lifted off the ground.

ELROY

Dad!!!

We see that it is, indeed, George who has a hold of Butch.

GEORGE

Afternoon, Butch. Say, didn't anyone ever tell you not to pick on smaller kids?

BUTCH

Are you crazy? You know who my dad is, Jetson.

ELROY

Uh, yeah. I'm okay, Dad. You want to get Mr. Spacely mad.

GEORGE

Oh, you mean Cosmo. My little buddy. The man that just promoted me to Senior Vice-President of New Projects. Oh, I don't think he'll be too mad at me.

BUTCH

You're gonna get fired; my dad's gonna fire you.

GEORGE

I think not, Butch. I think not.

He sticks the dog on a jet in Butch's mouth and says:

GEORGE

(continuing)

Mustard, please.

The dog takes off, back to the stand, pushing Butch backwards, over the counter and into the vat of mustard.

VLADIMIR

Your dad is coolest, Elroy.

ELROY

He is? I mean, yeah, he is.

He walks away with the boys, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - ALTAIR AND JUDY

... who sit together on a bench sipping Cosmic Colas.

JUDY

I hate my shoes. Who can enjoy  
life with crummy shoes.

ALTAIR

Is that all you're thinking about  
... shoes?

JUDY

No... I hate this blouse.

ALTAIR

On Korrinian 3, when you reach  
your sixteenth year, you can live  
with whomever you want.

JUDY

Oh, really... You know, I hate my  
hair.

Judy slurps her soda... smiles self-consciously.

ALTAIR

(off her look)

I make you nervous, don't I?

JUDY

No! Well... maybe a little...  
but it's just because you're so  
together.

ALTAIR

Korrinians find it unproductive  
to maintain negativity. We find  
it a turn off.

JUDY

You know... I love my dress.

ALTAIR

Judy, I'll have to go back soon.  
And I'd like to take you with me.

Judy can't believe her ears. He kisses her, just as George walks up.

GEORGE

(sternly)

Judy Jetson!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Judy jumps back from Altair... blushing as he sees George.

JUDY

Oh... hi, Daddy, we were only...

GEORGE

I saw perfectly well what you  
were doing, young lady.

ALTAIR

I was just telling Judy about  
Korrinian.

George frowns... playing the strict father to the hilt.

GEORGE

Next time, whisper in her ear,  
not her mouth. Now, as far as  
I can see, you're going to have  
to be punished.

JUDY

Aw, come on Dad. I'm sixteen.  
It's not like we were off at  
some sleazy Jet-el.

GEORGE

Nonetheless, I think you'll just  
have to be taught a lesson.

He hands her a card from his wallet.

GEORGE

(continuing)

So, I'm gonna insist that you take  
my Spacy's Department store card,  
and buy an entire new wardrobe.

Judy looks at him like he has two heads.

JUDY

Dad, did you go through a tear  
in the fabric of space, and get  
all goofy and stuff?

ALTAIR

Boy, your dad really knows how to  
put his foot down.

GEORGE

Now get outta here, you kids.  
Have a good time. Nice to meet  
you, Altair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

George shakes Altair's hand. We see that Altair tries to read him. Altair is, however, overwhelmed by what he reads. He trembles and pulls his hand away. He is a little dizzy.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
See ya?

He exits.

ALTAIR  
Judy, that was intense. Your dad is one of the smartest, most powerful earthlings I've ever touched.

JUDY  
Altair, you're spaced, okay. You've got like excess blue junk in your brain. Now stop talking nonsense, cause we're wasting valuable shopping time.

And we:

CUT TO:

EXT. MALL - DAY

Jane and her friend, Marsha, are on the spacewalk outside the mall, headed for the parking lot. They have packages.

MARSHA  
Did you see that guy, the silver one?

JANE  
I don't like shiny men.

MARSHA  
Look at that one. I'd like to take him home to Mother... if Mother hadn't been totally re-built and looks like a nineteen-year-old gymnast.

JANE  
Marsha, you're a married woman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You don't see me... Whoa, check the pilot in the Vette.

**THEIR P.O.V.**

Up ahead of them is a red Corvette Space Car with a stylishly dressed man leaning on the hood.

**JANE AND MARSHA**

as they giggle.

**ANGLE - TO INCLUDE MAN**

as he waves to them.

**MARSHA**

Oh, my God, he sees me.

They glide up to the Corvette.

**GEORGE**

Hello, sweetheart.

... and Jane's jaw drops, as Marsha's smile freezes...

**JANE**

George?

**GEORGE**

(opening her door)

Plant your hips inside and we'll take a spin.

Jane glances at Marsha... two pictures of confusion. Then she slides in and George shuts the door.

**GEORGE**

See ya, Marsh.

Marsha is too flabbergasted to speak.

CUT TO:

**INT. JETSON HOUSE - EVENING**

The family is sitting down to a very elaborate dinner. Everything is first class.

**JANE**

... a promotion.

**GEORGE**

A big promotion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

How big?

GEORGE

Big big. Huge big.

He touches his forehead, it reads 17%.

GEORGE

(continuing)

With lots of growth potential.

JANE

Oh, George, I knew it. I knew they were just waiting for the right position for you.

JUDY

I always thought the right position for Dad was upside down, or on his butt.

GEORGE

Yuk it up, kid. That little Calvin Comet outfit can go right back to Spacy's.

JUDY

Joke, Dad. It was like a joke, only without the funny part.

GEORGE

I know. Oh, and, Elroy. I stopped and picked up this little item on the way home.

George gives him a spaceball. He reads it.

ELROY

"Congratulations, Elroy Jetson, on your acceptance to Willie Mars Baseball Camp." Oh, Dad, cool.

He hugs his father. George looks around the room. He sees the smiling faces of his family. He is as happy as he's ever been.

GEORGE

This is all I wanted. This is all I ever wanted.

And, as he almost gets a little weepy, we:

CUT TO:

## INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Everyone is sitting at breakfast. George enters. He looks great. He is singing a little space ditty. He pats the dog, kisses Jane, twirls Judy, and picks up Elroy and sets him in the chair. He takes a sip of coffee, throws a doughnut in the air, catches it in his pocket and moves on to the tube. Astro walks in front of him. He deftly leaps over him, never breaking step. He steps into the elevator and winks to his family.

GEORGE  
Something wrong?

He grins a huge grin and is sucked down the tube. We ANGLE BACK on the family standing with their mouths open in surprise.

CUT TO:

## EXT. COGSWELL COGS - DAY

A towering monstrosity... dominated by Cogswell's name.

## INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Cogswell is getting a massage by a pair of ROBOT HANDS.

COGSWELL  
Well, Henry, I'm glad you decided to visit me again.

## ON MOONE

... Yes, that Henry Moone, as he nervously fidgets in his chair...

Looming behind him is a gleaming, muscle-bound GIANT ANDROID.

MOONE  
I swear this is the last time.  
Spacely's starting to suspect.

*Should have gone  
with Cogswell*  
COGSWELL  
Should I tell that to the boys in Las Venus? They're still pretty angry about the way you welched on your gambling debts.

Moone gulps... like a fish dangling from a hook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COGSWELL  
(continuing)  
Relax, Henry, I just want a little  
information, that's all.

MOONE  
Okay. Spacely implanted the  
actualizer in the wrong man.

COGSWELL  
You don't say? Good for Cosmo.

MOONE  
But he's still getting results.

Cogswell frowns. Thinks for a moment.

COGSWELL  
Keep me informed of his progress.  
If he continues to succeed we may  
have to take matters into our own  
hands.

Moone's eyes widen fearfully.

MOONE  
I think I'd better go now.

COGSWELL  
Of course. Keep in touch.

He hits a button on his table and Moone's hair shoots  
backwards out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY TRAINING LABORATORY - DAY

George is suited up in jogging clothes surrounded by Spacely,  
Moone, and a couple of scientists.

SPACELY  
How are you feeling today, George?

GEORGE  
Like a new man. The questions of  
life are suddenly becoming clear.  
(and then)  
Did you know the chicken came  
before the egg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY  
(impressed)  
Very interesting.  
(and then)  
What percent are we at?

GEORGE  
(touching his forehead)  
Twenty-nine percent. All body  
functions normal.

SPACELY  
Good. What do you say we begin?

CUT TO:

#### TRAINING MONTAGE

Our "JETSONS THEME" plays over...

- a) GEORGE... breezing through a complicated obstacle course.
- b) GEORGE, blindfolded, defeating a dozen 3-D chess players simultaneously.

GEORGE  
Checkmate. And mate. Mate.  
Check... Mate. Sorry, better  
luck next time.

- c) SPACELY... happily impressed...
- d) GEORGE standing in front of a translucent blackboard... working out a long arcane formula like it was adding two plus two.
- e) THE SCREEN flashing 34%.
- f) GEORGE on his back at a Astronautilis machine... grasping a bar and straining to push it up.
- g) SPACELY AND SCIENTISTS staring wide-eyed at the amount of weight lifted... almost a thousand pounds. They look at George.
- h) GEORGE balancing the bar on one finger.
- i) GEORGE sitting at two easels, a paint brush in either hand -- working rapidly on two different paintings.
- j) ANGLE -- He's knocking off a perfect Rembrandt with his left hand and a perfect Picasso with his right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- k) THE SCREEN flashing 39%.
  - l) MOONE looking more and more worried.
- END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE.

EXT. SKYLINE - SUNSET

The new Vette is streaking across the sky.

INT. VETTE

George and Jane are in the car.

JANE  
George, I think we missed our turn.

George just smiles.

EXT. CONDO, PARKING LOT

JANE  
George, what is it? Do you have friends here?

GEORGE  
Get in the tube.

JANE  
Oh, my. That's where the money's been coming from. My husband is a thief.

George smiles, and they go up the tube.

CUT TO:

INT. DELUXE CONDO - A MOMENT LATER

as George and Jane pop up into a dim room...

JANE  
The security pods will be here any...

She breaks off... glances around...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE  
(continuing)  
Where are we?

GEORGE  
Welcome to your new home!

ANGLE

The lights go on and Judy, Elroy, Astro and Rosie come forward.

EVERYONE  
Surprise!!!

Jane looks around. It's light years beyond their old apartment.  
Something out of a magazine. Spectacular.

JANE  
Oh, George.

SMASH CUT TO:

JANE (V.O.)  
(excitedly)  
Oh, George!

GEORGE AND JANE

They are sitting in bed, a little dewy. Two mechanical hands  
come from the wall, and light a cigarette and place it in  
George's mouth. George touches his forehead.

THE SCREEN

is flashing quicker and quicker. 41%...

JANE

Totally satisfied.

JANE  
Oooh, George.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE - DAY

George, Spacely and Moone are there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY

We're very pleased, Jetson.  
You're making excellent progress.

GEORGE

(supremely confident)

I'm making perfect progress,  
Cosmo. We all know that. What  
I want to know is why I haven't  
been told about the side effects  
of the actualizer.

Moone and Spacely look nervous.

SPACELY

The, uhh, what? I'm not clear  
here, Jetson.

GEORGE

No, you're not. But I am. I  
have all the data on your  
research into the actualizer.  
You took quite a chance putting  
it into a man. The device is  
dangerously crude, and rudimentary.  
Too bad you couldn't build this  
little baby now. I could show you  
how to fix it.

(almost laughing)

My god, if I were to tell anyone  
about the piece of junk that you  
put in my head... I'd have a  
lawsuit that'd have me owning  
Spacely Sprockets in no time.

SPACELY

(sweating)

Yes, but you wouldn't do that,  
would you, George? I mean, we're  
already paying you a great deal  
of money. More than anybody.

GEORGE

I know, Cosmo. Don't worry. My  
goals are a little higher than  
owning this nickel and dime  
operation. Besides, I owe  
everything I am to you, don't I?

SPACELY

Yeah, you do... and I'm sorry.

George doesn't understand. He looks at Spacely quizzically,  
and we:

CUT TO:

INT. NEW CONDO - EARLY EVENING

Jane is bustling about. Rosie wheels through and slumps over in a heap.

ROSIE

Oh, my achin' wheels. I must have pushed a hundred buttons today. Look at this.

She takes her finger off and puts it in Jane's palm.

ROSIE

(continuing)

That's not a pretty picture, is it?

The finger wriggles in her hand.

JANE

No, it's not. The new place is so big. Poor dear must be working your fingers to the... Well, to whatever the heck is in there.

ROSIE

Darn right, but do I complain?

JANE

I'm not sure. What exactly are you doing right now?

ROSIE

Sure, go ahead, mock a woman with a finger that looks like a chewed up Tootsie Roll.

Jane squirms and puts the finger on the table. George comes sliding up the tube into the room.

JANE

Evening, honey, how was...

A large human sized box appears in the tube and is kind of spit out into the room.

JANE

(continuing)

George, are you spending more money?

GEORGE

Little present. Rosie, glad you're here. This is for you, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE

If it's a new finger, it's too  
big. I take a seventeen husky.

George smiles and hits a button on the box. The four sides open like flower petals, and standing there is a ROBOT in tails. He is by far the most human robot we have seen, however.

ROBOT

(English accent)

Good evening...

(sneaks a peek at  
note in his vest  
pocket)

... Jetsons, I am your TL double  
nought 4. How may I serve you?

Rosie sits up. She doesn't like the looks of this.

ROSIE

(unpleased)

This better be the pool man.

GEORGE

This is our new Robo-Serve. Top  
of the line and loaded. You want  
options? He cooks, he cleans,  
he serves...

ROSIE

I cook and clean and serve.

GEORGE

He does windows.

ROSIE

I do... I cook and clean and  
serve.

JANE

George, this is a lovely surprise,  
but we have Rosie. We've always  
had Rosie. Rosie is like one of  
the family.

GEORGE

Fine, no problem, we're not  
getting rid of old Rose. We're  
just lightening the load for  
the old gal. We are talking max  
efficiency here, and Rosie will  
be able to relax in her declining  
years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSIE  
(hurt, but hiding it)  
Oh... well... thank you, Mr.  
Jetson.

GEORGE  
See, she's happy as a Martian mud  
clam.

JANE  
Uhhh, do you have a name?

ROBOT  
TL double nought 4 will suffice,  
madam.

JANE  
Oh, well, alright I suppose. I  
guess Rosie will help you make  
up a room for yourself.

TL  
A room? Why would a robot need  
a room?

GEORGE  
Great attitude, huh? Boy, this  
house is gonna start snappin'  
now. He never stops working.  
Great, huh? Hey, speaking of  
work, I've got to head back.

JANE  
George, no. The kids haven't seen  
you in days.

GEORGE  
Hey, pretty lady. Daddy doesn't  
work, Mommy doesn't get any more  
nice things, huh?

He pecks her on the cheek and he's gone.

JANE  
(sad)  
Mommy had nice things, George.  
She had very nice things.

She hangs her head and exits. TL looks at Rosie. He picks  
up her finger off the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TL  
(barely concealed  
disgust)  
Would you mind doing something  
with this?

ROSIE  
You keep it.

TL  
For what possible reason?

ROSIE  
I don't know. I guess I just feel  
like giving you the finger.

She allows herself a tiny chuckle, and rolls off.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Jane is looking at a picture on the nightstand. She picks it up.

ANGLE

as we see it's a POLARDROID of her and George. She touches a corner of the frame... and the PICTURE COMES TO LIFE. Like a little home movie that runs on a loop. They share a laugh and a kiss... make silly faces at the camera.

ON JANE

smiling wistfully... those were the days...

ON THE POLARDROID

as George and Jane kiss...

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

George's face is on the monitors... talking a mile a minute. As his potential percentile flashes: 53... 54...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Thus we can demonstrate that gravity minus 2.8 ergs times the cube of megatheophysical current... This is absurd. Give me something I can sink my teeth into. Give me a problem worthy of the greatest mind in the world. Are you all children? Are you all simple little children? Ah, I suppose you are. But you are my children, and I must show you the way.

ON SPACELY

chewing on his cigar as he anxiously watches the monitors.

CUT TO:

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - DAY

Judy's lolling on her bed, laser painting her toenails as she talks to her ELECTRONIC DIARY.

JUDY

Dear Diary. So the Big Question is: do I go with him or not?  
(and then)

If I say "yes" he'll assume I do like him that much. And if I say "no" he'll think I'm a kid and break up with me.

(sighing)

This is as complicated as shopping for bathing suits.

ELROY (O.S.)

Why not ask Pop?

Judy turns and sees Elroy and Astro standing in her doorway.

JUDY

He knows zip about bathing suits.

Then it hits her -- and she breaks into a smile.

JUDY

(continuing)

Waitaminute! Your little moonbrain may have lucked upon a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elroy and Astro beam proudly.

ELROY

Actually, it was Astro's.

ASTRO

I rowed you rone. I chewed rup  
two rair of ranty rose.

JUDY

I can say yes and no! I'll ask  
Dad when Altair comes to dinner.  
He'll say no and Altair will  
give me credit for trying.

(smiling, as she  
lies down)

Am I the ultimate or what?

INT. LABORATORY

George is juggling about sixteen balls at high speed as he continues to talk.

GEORGE

... attitudinal deformation cum  
sigma, zero, gamma... can  
hypothesize that that that a  
quantum field does positively  
exist in the...

ON SPACELY

pacing nervously back and forth behind a one-way mirror.  
George's behavior is making him very worried.

A 3-D viewer drops down from the ceiling nearly bonking Spacely on the head. Cogswell's image appears.

COGSWELL

Cosmo, you there?

SPACELY

I'm busy.

COGSWELL

I just thought I'd give you the  
chance to sell out now while your  
company was still worth something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY

Cogswell, wake up and smell the hydrogen. I've got a bright new executive that's taking this company to the outer limits of the universe.

COGSWELL

He'd better do it in ten days, Spacely. Then, if you're lucky, I might give you a job... in the mail room.

He snorts and guffaws, as Spacely leaps at his VIDEO-IMAGE. But Cogswell FADES and Spacely ends up strangling thin air.

Spacely turns and marches through a doorway...

ANGLE

SPACELY

George?

GEORGE

One minute, Cos.

SPACELY

George, we're done for the night. You can go home now. Take a break.

GEORGE

There's so much to do. So much to achieve. Why do you hold back? Why does everyone hold back? We must achieve, win, deal with our enemies and push ourselves forward.

SPACELY

Jetson, go home!

George stops juggling, nods.

INT. JETSON CONDO - EVENING

The DOORBELL CHIMES and Elroy and Judy race to it. Judy pushes Elroy out of the way and presses the door button.

Altair stands there with a bouquet of exotic flowers.

JUDY

You're right on time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALTAIR

A fault of us Korrinians. Hello,  
Elroy. How's life on the Butch  
Spacely front?

ELROY

Stinks, thank you. But I think  
once I strike him out in the big  
game I'll be okay.

JUDY

Elroy, why don't you go play  
Scrabble with the dog or  
something?

ELROY

When are you going to tell Pop?

JUDY

Elroy...

ELROY

I'm going, I'm going.

He steps on the conveyor and glides away. Judy kisses Altair.

JUDY

Guess what? I've decided to go  
with you.

ALTAIR

You'll love it there. We'll be  
our own family.

JUDY

But first, I've got to run it  
past my dad.

ANGLE ON GEORGE

as he pops up in the tube. Rosie approaches him, but the new robot, TL, speeds past her and gets there first. George gives him his coat and briefcase. A lit pipe comes from an opening in TL and with one hand TL lifts George from the floor and puts on his slippers. He also whisks on George's smoking jacket.

GEORGE

Perfect, just what I like to see,  
maximum efficiency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we see George walk past Rosie, standing with a pipe, Elroy with a paper and smoking jacket. And Astro, with a pair of slippers in his mouth. The slippers fall to the floor and they all look a little sad.

JANE

Maybe you'd like him to kiss you  
hello, too!

But George hardly notices as he moves off.

(NOTE: THIS IS A NICE WAY TO SHOW GEORGE'S CHANGE. WHAT I WILL DO, THOUGH, IS INSERT THE SIMILAR SCENE EARLY IN THE PICTURE. WHERE WE SEE THAT THE FAMILY HAS THIS LITTLE RITUAL TO COMFORT GEORGE WHEN HE COMES HOME FROM WORK, AND THEN WE WILL SEE HIS CHANGE, WHEN HE NOW PREFERS THE MORE EFFICIENT LT METHOD.)

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family, including Altair, is sitting down to dinner. As they are eating, George is simultaneously working on a computer, and talking on the vid-phone.

GEORGE

(into vid-phone)

That's right. I want Spacely Sprockets to engineer a complete buy out of Moonbeam Enterprises. Why? Because they are weak, and we are strong and that, my friend, is life.

He hangs up. He turns to his slightly uncomfortable family.

GEORGE

(continuing)

Food's great, huh? Got something special for you, Altair. From your home planet. Blue Korrinian lobster and prime Saturnian steak. Or, as I like to call it... Smurf and Turf.

He cracks up. Altair picks up his blue lobster.

ALTAIR

I used to have one of these as a pet.

(choked up)

It looks just like Scooter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone else's forks stop on the way into their mouths. They are suddenly a little unwilling to eat a "Scooter."

GEORGE

Elroy, what did you achieve in school today?

ELROY

Uh, nothin' really. I spent a lot of time hiding. I don't know, I think operation Butch is a failure.

GEORGE

Hey, young man, we don't use the word failure in this house. Now what about that big game on Saturday? I expect big things of you there.

JANE

I'm sure he'll do his best.

GEORGE

Yes that's fine, but hardly enough. We must identify our opponents' weaknesses and exploit them.

JANE

George, it's a baseball game, not a war.

GEORGE

Jane, the point of competing is winning. Don't you agree, Altair?

ALTAIR

I couldn't say. We don't play games on Korrinian 3.

GEORGE

I've come to learn that all of existence is a game, Altair, and the object is to be the best player.

JANE

When did you learn this?

GEORGE

I can't expect you to see. No one sees what I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

Dad, like who would want to, okay?  
So, anyway, I have a question.

GEORGE

Yes?

JUDY

Well, I think that I've reached a certain level of maturity, responsibility and other words I can't remember, that I should be allowed a little more freedom.

JANE

How much freedom?

JUDY

Well, not so much freedom as more privacy.

JANE

How much privacy?

JUDY

Well, the kind of privacy that you can get if I was living, like, two hundred million light years away.

ELROY

Works for me.

JANE

Judy, you can't be serious.

JUDY

I am. Altair asked me to move in with him. I've done a lot of research so I could make a real grown-up decision, and I know I'm just gonna love Korrinian 4.

ALTAIR

Three.

JUDY

Right.

JANE

This is absolutely the most ridiculous thing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

(relieved)

You're right. Well, I'm sorry,  
Altair, I tried. Just another  
free spirit, crushed by the iron  
glove of domineering parents.

GEORGE

So, when are you leaving?

JANE/JUDY

What?

Altair smiles and takes Judy's hand. And we:

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

George is folding a piece of paper, completely concentrated on it. Jane is staring at him.

JANE

George, I think we need to talk.

GEORGE

(happy and spaced)

I know, but not for long.

He touches his forehead. It reads 67%.

GEORGE

(continuing)

You won't need to speak soon.  
I'll hear your thoughts. I can  
almost hear them now. They are  
distant but becoming clear...  
They seem to say, "George, you  
have become a huge"... Where  
did you learn that word?

JANE

George, you have become a huge...

GEORGE

Yeah, I read that one, hon.

JANE

How could you give Judy permission  
to go off with that boy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

Jane, it's a wonderful opportunity for her. A new world, new civilization, new culture. She'll grow and expand at a fantastic rate.

JANE

She's grown at a perfectly fine rate for sixteen years. She's a little girl.

GEORGE

Jane, do we really want to inhibit her potential for achievement?

JANE

There's that word again. Achievement. Since when did the word achievement become more important to you than words like family, or responsibility, or human warmth? Talk to me, George. Tell me what has happened to you!

GEORGE

You know what I think? I think you ought to get out of the house more. I think you should take that job.

JANE

I don't know you, George. And worse... I don't think I want to.

She wearily exits. George is not a happy Jetson. He takes the piece of paper he has been holding. He tosses it skyward and, like a little helicopter, it just hovers. He points at it.

GEORGE

Fire.

And it bursts into flame.

GEORGE

(continuing)

What do they want? I can do anything, give them anything, if they just tell me what they want. What do they want?

And the CAMERA PULLS WAY BACK, out the window, and into space, and we HEAR George's anguished plea. And we:

CUT TO:

## EXT. SPACEBALL STADIUM - DAY

Elroy's team is playing Butch Spacely's team. Elroy is pitching. He sets the dial on the ball, and throws. The batter cracks the pitch, Elroy makes a diving stab at it, grabs it, and makes the throw to home, as the batter on third tries to score. He is out, but the bases are still loaded.

## SCOREBOARD

We see that Elroy's team, THE DIPPERS, are one run ahead of Butch's team, THE COMETS. 6-5.

## STANDS

Jane, Judy, Altair, Rosie and Astro cheer him on. Waving pennants, etc.

## JANE

George promised he'd make it.  
Poor Elroy. His father can't even find the time to...

And at that moment we see:

## LONG SHOT - FOOTBALL FIELD

A large Spacely Sprockets rocket hovers just off the field. It lands and the doors slide open. George exits holding a case. He is followed by a bunch of other guys in suits, and lab coats.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

## UMPIRE

Time out.

We see that is is Butch Spacely who is coming to bat. Elroy runs off the field to his father.

## GEORGE AND ELROY

## ELROY

(couldn't be happier)  
Hi, Pop. Good to see you.

## GEORGE

How's it going?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELROY

Not so great. We're one up, but I got Butch at the plate. He's hit off me every time up.

GEORGE

Yes, well, I've taken care of that.

ELROY

Who are those guys?

GEORGE

My research and development team. I don't, in any way, need their brains, but I had a few mechanical things I needed done. I made you this. Here.

He opens the case and hands Elroy a ball.

ELROY

A new spaceball? Gee, thanks.  
It's neat.

GEORGE

It's a little bit more than neat, son. I've altered the basic design, employed O'Rion's theory of spacial dynamics and their relationship to atmospheric tangentials and bingo. I made a ball that is virtually impossible to hit.

The UMPIRE approaches.

UMPIRE

Hey, buddy, let's get the show on the road, we ain't got all...

George gives him a look, and the Umpire falls to his knees like he was smacked with a sledge hammer. George is evidently getting very powerful.

UMPIRE

(continuing)

Ahhh, it's okay, mister. Whenever you're ready.

The Umpire exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELROY

Dad, we're supposed to play with  
the equipment we've got.

GEORGE

Why?

ELROY

Well, so nobody has an unfair  
advantage.

GEORGE

Son, there is no such thing as an  
unfair advantage. We look for an  
opponent's weaknesses and exploit  
them. If we can find none, then  
we invent some. Go ahead, son.  
I promise he won't get close to  
this one.

ELROY

Dad, don't. You're telling me to  
cheat.

GEORGE

No, no. The superior man uses  
everything at his disposal to win.  
And winning is it, son. Winning  
is what it's all about. I know  
this. Now, trust me.

ELROY

(pained)

Okay. I guess you gotta trust  
your dad, right.

GEORGE

Right.

He pats Elroy, who dejectedly slinks back to the mound.

THE STANDS

George and his minions move into the stands. He sits next  
to Jane -- they behind him.

JANE

Oh, George, I knew you'd come.

GEORGE

I only have a minute. There's a  
board meeting in an hour.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MINION  
Can we have hot dogs?

GEORGE  
Fine.

MINION  
Pennants?

GEORGE  
No. Soda's are okay, though.

JANE  
It means a lot to Elroy to have  
you here.

GEORGE  
Good.

JANE  
I hope he strikes out that creepy  
Butch.

GEORGE  
Oh, I think I can guarantee it.

Jane looks at him strangely.

PITCHER'S MOUND

Elroy is standing, about to pitch. He looks at the new spaceball. He looks at Butch in the batter's box. He winds up and throws. The ball comes screaming across the plate. Butch whiffs and smoke comes from the catcher's mitt.

UMPIRE  
Strike one.

THE STANDS

The family cheers, except George.

GEORGE  
Alright, I've got to run.

He stands and his minions stand, too.

JANE  
George, how could you leave now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

The conclusion is inevitable, Jane.  
He'll strike out on the next two  
pitches.

PITCHER'S MOUND

Elroy throws; he blows it past Butch.

UMPIRE

Strike two.

We see an unhappy Elroy look over to the stands. All he can see is George leaving and climbing back into the Spately limo.

THE STANDS

The family looks on.

THE MOUND

Elroy winds up. There are tears in his eyes. He tries to tank the game and throw the pitch into the ground. It rises and flies directly across the mound.

UMPIRE

Stee-rike three.

The dugout empties as Elroy's teammates lift him on their shoulders and carry him off the field.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - ELROY'S FACE

He is crying.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP - JANE'S FACE

She cries, too.

CUT TO:

INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

He sits there with Moone.

COGSWELL

So, is it working or not?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOONE

Oh, it works, alright. There's never been anything like him. He's developed forty-eight new patents in the last two weeks. He's fired over a hundred people because he can do their jobs better. Development, research, administration, engineering, all of it. He's superlative, he's uncanny, he's scaring the hell out of us.

COGSWELL

And the side effects?

MOONE

I don't know. He seems to be holding together.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE

The board of directors is reconvened. George is addressing them.

GEORGE

Change, growth, achievement, excellence, power, and the ultimate potential of man. Do you understand these things, gentlemen? You do not. Because you cannot conceive of what it is to be fully actualized. I am at 100 percent of my actualization, and I am more than a man. I am a superman, and I am not here to perform for you like some trained ape. It is you who will perform for me. Fall to your knees and tremble, gentlemen, because from this day forward your world will never be the same.

CUT TO:

INT. 7-SQUARED 11-CUBED

Jane is working behind the counter. The greasy alien, Zaxxon, is behind her. She speaks to a bag person.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

I'm sorry. I'm not allowed to change anything bigger than a thousand.

ZAXXOR

Hey, pretty earth lady. You want to see magazines I not allowed to sell?

He sidles up to her and she cringes, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - COGSWELL AND MOONE

COGSWELL

I want you to build me an actualizer. I want it in one of my people.

MOONE

I can't. Jetson has taken over the entire project. He's destroyed all the files and memorized them. He's the only one who can make them, and I get the feeling he doesn't really want any competition.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE

The crowd is looking pretty spooked. George is ranting.

GEORGE

I have decided that this board serves no purpose. You are obsolete.

SPACELY

Now, just a minute, Jetson. I run this company, and I'll say what...

GEORGE

You control nothing. I took majority ownership in Spacely Sprockets yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACELY

Alright, Jetson, this has gone far enough. This is my fault. I should never have put that damned thing in your head. It's no good. It's changed you in a horrible way. I think we should just end this whole thing and take it out now. All in favor.

BOARD

(raises hands)

Aye!!!

SPACELY

Opposed?

And George points his hand at the huge marble conference table. There is a thunderous CRACK, and the table jaggedly splits in two.

GEORGE

Don't be bad children. Disobedient children are... punished!!!

And, as they look at him in shock and fear, he slides out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ELROY'S ROOM - CLOSE-UP ON ELROY

ELROY

... and that's why I think it's better that I just go. I'm sorry, Dad... I love you.

And we PULL BACK to reveal that this was a recorded message on a vid screen. Elroy is watching himself. He hits a button and a disk pops out. He takes the disk and turns. We see on the bed that he has packed a little bag. Astro watches as he picks it up.

ASTRO

Rell?

ELROY

I gotta.

ASTRO

Rime roing rith rou.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELROY  
No, you belong to Dad.

ASTRO  
Rou, too.

ELROY  
You're his dog. You have to help  
take care of him. He needs you,  
okay? I'll miss you, Astro.

He sniffs and hugs Astro. He pins the disk to the door,  
turns and waves at Astro, and he is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACELY'S OFFICE

He's on the vid.

SPACELY  
Alert security. Apprehend Jetson.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT

George is getting into a Spacely limo. Suddenly, there are  
half a dozen SECURITY ROBOTS wheeling toward him. He  
watches calmly as they circle him.

ROBOT  
You will come with us, Jetson.

GEORGE  
Pitiful fools, you dare to  
command me?

He subtly gestures at them, and we see --

CLOSE-UP - A ROBOT'S FACE

and it begins to soften. The features sag, then begin to  
smoothen, and then quickly melt to slag. We PULL BACK and  
there is nothing but six puddles around George. He enters  
the car.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car takes off, and we see George in the back seat. He touches his forehead, and his monitor screen is blinking wildly red. It reads: 108% WARNING WARNING.

CUT TO:

A BLUE MIST

We are on a strange planet. We see through the mist, a younger Altair. We see him with his parents. We HIT FLASH CUTS of him in a blue lagoon. We see him getting on a space ship, and his parents kissing him good-bye. The picture abruptly ends. And we find ourselves in --

INT. JUDY'S ROOM

She has just broken a kiss with Altair. She composes herself.

JUDY

(a little breathless)

You're a very trippy dude, Altair.  
What was the deal on that whole  
blue kind of thing?

ALTAIR

Memories. I can give all of  
myself to you, and I'd like to.  
Real bad, right now.

JUDY

Altair, I can't. I'm not ready.

ALTAIR

Well, what is it? Do you want to  
wait till we get to Korrinian?  
Just tell me the rules and I'll  
play along.

JUDY

I thought Korrinians didn't play  
games.

ALTAIR

Don't tell me about games. Why  
aren't we talking about leaving?  
Your father gave you permission  
to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY

I don't know how that happened.  
I just... Oh, I don't know...  
That's just not my father.

And she buries her head in her pillow, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACEWAY

Elroy is standing on a tiny precipice hitchhiking. A spacecar whizzes by, knocking him off his perch. He falls into space. It looks like he's doomed, but suddenly we see him float back up to his perch. He is holding his move-it device from earlier, and has used it to save himself. He looks cold and terrified, and moves off.

INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - COGSWELL AND MOONE

COGSWELL

So, how do I stop him?

MOONE

You can't.

COGSWELL

Well, then, if you can't beat him... I'll just make Jetson a better offer here than he has at Spacely Sprockets. I'm sure I can deal with him reasonably.

He smiles and Moone shrugs, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. COGSWELL COGS

George's limo pulls up and he exits. He approaches the door. A security ROBOT approaches him.

ROBOT

I'm sorry, sir, you'll need a pass to...

George gestures and the robot falls apart into its component pieces. George strides forward and glares at the glass doors... they shatter. He walks through them, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. 7-SQUARED 11-CUBED

Jane is getting ready to leave for the day.

JANE  
I'll see you tomorrow.

ZAXXON  
No way leave now. We have couple  
of brewskis. Eat nachos. Open  
bean dip and make out behind  
slurpie machine.

JANE  
I am a married woman.

ZAXXOR  
I'm liberal. Husband make you  
work. Things not so good at  
home?

JANE  
Zax, please.

ZAXXOR  
You nice to me, I nice to you.  
I get you free Lotto.

JANE  
No, thank you.

ZAXXOR  
Come on, pretty earth stuff. I  
let you have all hot dogs that  
cook for more than three days.

He puts both his hands on her shoulders. She grabs them both by the wrists and pulls them off. A third hand appears out of his chest and grabs her.

ZAXXOR  
(continuing)  
Surprise.

JANE  
Surprise.

And she slugs him in the gut, and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. COGSWELL'S OFFICE - COGSWELL AND MOONE

Cogswell is on the vid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COGSWELL

Miss Pulsar, do me a favor and  
see if you can get me George  
Jetson.

And the doors buckle and in comes George.

COGSWELL

(continuing;  
into phone)

Well, it's nice to see you, Jetson.  
We were just talking about you.

GEORGE

Everyone is talking about me.  
Leave us, Moone.

MOONE

George, I'm sorry. Please, let  
me help you. I can remove the...

GEORGE

Leave us!!!

His voice thunders across the room. Moone scuttles out.

COGSWELL

Well, Jetson. You've certainly  
become... dynamic. Well, I'm  
pleased to see you. I'd like to  
make you an offer...

GEORGE

No, let me make you an offer. I  
now control Spacely Sprockets.  
Tomorrow I have given my  
financiers instructions to proceed  
with a leveraged buy out of  
Cogswell Cogs.

COGSWELL

That's impossible.

GEORGE

Nothing is impossible for me.  
It's done. You may continue here  
under my control. I have bigger  
things to do.

COGSWELL

Bigger? Bigger than controlling  
the two biggest corporations on  
the earth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

The earth? In two weeks I will dominate the entire planet. In a month's time, I will control... the galaxy. In a year, the universe will tremble and bow to the power of George Jetson. I will rule the... I will rule the...

George blanks out. He grabs his head and screams, and we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SPACEHOUND BUS STATION

Elroy stands at the ticket counter.

ELROY

One please. Wherever this'll get me.

And he pushes his money forward.

CUT TO:

INT. JETSON HOME

Judy, Jane, Rosie and Astro are sitting and watching the vid screen.

ELROY

(on screen)

... And that's why I think it's better that I just go. I'm sorry, Dad... I love you.

And the picture fades from the screen and becomes static. Jane and the rest look heartbroken. They fall into each other's arms. The door opens and George stands there. He looks crazed. He has completely undergone a transformation.

GEORGE

I've done it. I control everything. We're there. We've done it. We'll never need, we'll never want. No one will ever tell us that we are less than they are. We have everything we'll ever want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at them, expecting a big response. They say nothing and file out. Astro stays.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
What? I thought... what?

ASTRO  
Re don't rant ranything really.  
Re just rant you, Reorge.

He looks. He does not understand.

ASTRO  
(continuing)  
Ray the video, Reorge. Risten  
for a range.

Astro hits the button on the video. The tape begins to play. George sits on the edge of the bed. Astro puts his head in George's lap and the tape begins to play.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

Elroy is speaking. He holds his glove and the ball George gave him.

ELROY  
Hi. I guess I used to think that I was a pretty lucky kid. I don't know why. I didn't know better, I guess. I didn't know that we weren't achieving enough, or making enough money, or actualizing our goals. I just thought we were a pretty happy family who got along kinda good.

Jane walks into the room. She looks at George. He looks back at her. He looks very little like a demi-god. His head hangs some.

ELROY  
(continuing)  
I'm only nine, you know, so I guess I don't know very much. But I know I felt good before, and I don't feel all that good now... now that Dad's changed.

Judy and Rosie enter and look at George.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELROY  
(continuing)  
Dad, I think something happened where you felt that you weren't everything we thought you should be. Like being normal was some kind of crime or something. But, Dad, I never wanted anything more than just what you gave us. Love and attention and stuff. I guess you felt like you were disappointing us, but then you got all smart and everything, and then we started to feel like we were disappointing you. Well, I don't like that feeling. So I'm gonna go out and try to achieve something, cause that's what you want, okay? And that's why I think it's better that I just go. I'm sorry, Dad... I love you.

And the picture fades from the screen, and static appears. We see the family, we see George. He is stunned. A tear rolls down his cheek.

GEORGE  
(soft)  
Oh, my god. What have I done?  
Elroy. Elroy.

And now he summons all his power and screams.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Elroy!!!!

And this last plaintive cry rings through the house. The windows blow out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY

The entire city vibrates, as George's cry bellows over it.

CUT TO:

INT. SPACEHOUND BUS STATION

Elroy is about to board a rocket bus. He halts on the first step as he hears his name ring out. He backs off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELROY  
Dad.

He runs off the bus, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. ELROY'S BEDROOM

George is holding his head. He moans.

JANE  
George. George, please, what can we do?

He does not respond. He runs from the room and we FOLLOW him as he runs through the house and into the tube and is sucked up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

Elroy runs as fast as he can. It's a bad neighborhood. Spooky people yell at him. It is a surrealistic space nightmare. He pays no attention and runs on.

CUT TO:

EXT. JETSON BUILDING, ROOF - SUNSET

The tube ejects George Jetson. He steps out onto the roof. We see the panorama of the city in the b.g. He stumbles, weeping, across the roof. He walks to the end of the building. He staggers on the ledge.

GEORGE  
What happened? Somebody tell me what happened? I thought I knew so much.

Jane comes out of the tube.

JANE  
George, get away from the edge.

GEORGE  
(crazed with grief)  
Jane, sweet Jane. I wanted to give you things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

George, I had everything. Please come away from the edge.

GEORGE

They put something in me. In my head. I am powerful.

JANE

I know.

GEORGE

I am brilliant.

JANE

I know, George, please.

GEORGE

And yet I am a failure.

JANE

No.

GEORGE

Yes, and this is what I do not understand. It was all for you.

He teeters on the edge of the building.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I could have been a god.

JANE

We loved you as a man.

GEORGE

And that is exactly what I can never be.

Altair, Judy, Astro and Rosie show up.

JUDY

Oh, Daddy, please.

GEORGE

I failed...

JANE

That never mattered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE  
Does now. Oh god, my head. I  
love you.

As George looks down, we see:

HIS P.O.V.  
over the ledge.

BACK TO SCENE

He teeters.

ASTRO  
Ro, Reorge, ro.

And Astro bounds across the roof and leaps into George's arms. The impact forces George to lose his balance, he tips, he starts to go over the edge. Elroy, all out of breath, appears from the tube. He sees his father and his god tilting over the edge of the roof.

ELROY  
Pop, noooooo!

But is is too late. George, holding Astro in his arms, plummets over the edge of the building. He is gone. Jane screams, Judy buries her head in Altair's shoulder, Rosie sobs. Then, as if possessed, Elroy runs across the roof, halts momentarily at the edge, looks back at the family, and then leaps off himself.

CUT TO:

MID-AIR

We are with George as he plummets through the sunset sky. He falls through clouds, then sky, then clouds. He looks up into the sky in resignation, as if to say good-bye.

GEORGE  
Farewell...

And at that instant, a hand grabs him by the hair and he is jerked upward, halting his fall.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Oh boy, is that ever painful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we **WIDEN** to see that Elroy has grabbed him by the hair. In his other hand he has the move-it device, and they start to ascend.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

Everyone is looking over the precipice in various states of anguish when, suddenly, Elroy and George appear. Floating up over the edge and onto the ground.

**JANE**

Oh, you're safe. Oh, thank god  
you're safe.

She hugs them both. George is out cold, and we:

CUT TO:

INT. JETSON HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

George is layed out on the floor with the others hovered over him.

**JANE**

George, George. Wake up, George.

**GEORGE**

Hmmm. Wha? Where am I?

**JANE**

You're home, honey. You're safe  
and you're home.

**GEORGE**

(out of it)

Home where? Who are you? What  
is... I am a superman... I must  
achieve... who is the boy? I  
seem to know the boy.

**ELROY**

Pop, it's Elroy.

**ASTRO**

Remember re, Reorge?

**GEORGE**

You look nice. Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDY  
He doesn't know us.

GEORGE  
There's a little thing in my head  
and it talks to me.

JUDY  
He's totally spaced. What are we  
gonna do?

They all look at each other. Rosie clears her throat. They turn to her.

ROSIE  
Begging your pardon, Mrs. J.

JANE  
What?

ROSIE  
I know that I'm not human or  
anything, but when my batteries  
run low, I start to lose my  
memory banks, and I was thinking...  
No, it probably wouldn't work.

JANE  
What, what?!?!

ROSIE  
Well, he's been through a good bit  
Mr. J., and if there was some way  
to recharge his memory...

JUDY  
Yes, yes there is a way. Altair,  
you can give memories, you're a  
conductor. You can pass them  
along to Dad.

ALTAIR  
My memories, my memories won't  
help him.

JANE  
Pass ours.

ALTAIR  
I don't know if I can.

ELROY  
You can try.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And Altair shrugs. They stand.

ROSIE  
Judy.

And Judy takes Rosie's hand.

JUDY  
Astro.

And Astro holds up a paw. Judy takes it.

JUDY  
(continuing)  
Elroy.

And Elroy holds Judy's hand.

ELROY  
Mom.

And she takes Elroy's hand. She looks at Altair.

JUDY  
Please.

And she takes Altair's hand. He reaches over to the unconscious George and picks up his hand.

ALTAIR  
Close your eyes and concentrate.  
Think of the times with your father. Open yourselves.

And, as we see them concentrate, we start to slip into...

FLASHBACK

Bathed in blue, we see each of their memories.

Rosie being bought off the showroom floor.

Astro and George on the automatic treadmill walker from the famed opening title Jetson sequence.

Judy with a huge bundle of packages at a department store and George being aghast at the bill.

Elroy hitting George in the head with a Frisbee in the park and knocking him out.

Jane and George's wedding day.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - REAL TIME

George begins to stir. He sits up. He looks at the others for a moment. We are not sure if he is back or not. Then...

GEORGE

I know you. You are what matters.  
You are my family.

They laugh and cry and embrace him. All is not hunky dory, however. He looks at them and the smile fades from his face.

GEORGE

(continuing)

I would like to stay, but I cannot.  
I have a destiny, a destiny to  
rule.

He stands, looks into space.

ALTAIR

He still has the device in his  
head.

ELROY

It's killing him.

ALTAIR

From what I can read, it is a  
highly complex apparatus that is  
dangerously placed. It would take  
a surgeon of infinite skill and  
delicacy to remove it.

JANE

Horse spit.

And like a woman possessed, Jane grabs her husband's head, and throws a liplock on the back of it. She noisily sucks on his skull. We hear a loud "POP." She removes her mouth from his head and spits. We see the actualizer fly out of her mouth across the room. It lands in Rosie's hand. She looks at it a beat, and crushes it in her metal paw. She smiles at Jane.

JANE

(continuing)

Nobody... but nobody... screws  
around with my husband's brain.

She is a she wolf. She cradles George's head. His eyes slowly open. He focuses on Jane and smiles. He looks over to see Judy, who is in Altair's arms.

(CONTINUED)

**CONTINUED:**

GEORGE  
Hey, blue boy, get your turquoise  
hands offa my daughter.

She smiles.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Boy, do I ever feel... stupid.

And all the tension in the room breaks.

ASTRO  
Reorge.

ROSIE  
Mr. J.

JUDY  
Daddy.

ELROY  
Pop.

JANE  
My darling, you're back.

And he stands.

GEORGE  
My family. I'm stupid, and happy.  
And I'm back with my family.  
What can I say to all of you,  
except...

And he takes one step forward and immediately trips over the dog and falls onto the sidewalk. He travels across the room on his belly and happily lifts his head up.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
I love you.

Many big smiles as he is drawn to, and sucked down, the vacuum tube.

GEORGE  
(continuing)  
Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

CUT TO:

**THE FAMILY**

And they FREEZE and become ANIMATED CARTOONS, as the MUSIC SWELLS, and we:

FADE OUT.

**THE END**

